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THE STATION-MASTER OF LONE PRAIRIE.

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AN empty bench, a sky of greyest etching,
A bare, bleak shed in blackest silhouette,
Twelve yards of platform, and beyond them stretching
Twelve miles of prairie glimmering through the wet.

North, South, East, West—the same dull grey persistence,
The tattered vapours of a vanished train,
The narrowing rails that meet to pierce the distance,
Or break the columns of the far off rain.

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushed level and stark shining waste—
Nothing that moves to fill the vision aching,
Where the last shadow fled in sullen haste.

Nothing beyond. Ah yes! From out the station
A stiff gaunt figure thrown against the sky,
Beckoning me with some wooden salutation
Caught from his signals as the train flashed by;

Yielding me place beside him with dumb gesture
Born of that reticence of sky and air;
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one vesture
Of silence, sadness, and unspoken care.

Each following his own thought—around us darkening
The rain-washed boundaries and stretching track—
Each following those dim parallels and hearkening
For long lost voices that will not come back.

Until, unasked,—I knew not why or wherefore—
He yielded, bit by bit, his dreary past,
Like gathered clouds that seemed to thicken there for
Some dull down-dropping of their care at last.

"Long had he lived there. As a boy had started
From the stacked corn the Indian's painted face;
Heard the wolves' howl the wearying waste that parted
His father's hut from the last camping-place.

"Nature had mocked him; thrice had claimed the reaping
With scythe of fire of lands she once had sown;
Sent the tornado—round his hearthstone heaping
Rafters, dead faces that were like his own.

"Then came the War Time. When its shadow beckoned
He had walked dumbly where the flag had led
Through swamp and fen—unknown, unpraised, unreckoned,
To famine, fever, and a prison bed.

"Till the storm passed, and the slow tide returning
Cast him, a wreck, beneath his native sky,
At this lone watch gave him the chance of earning
Scant means to live—who won the right to die."

All this I heard—or seemed to hear—half blending
With the low murmur of the coming breeze,
The call of some lost bird and the unending
And ceaseless sobbing of those grassy seas.

Until at last the spell of desolation
Broke with a trembling star and far off cry.
The coming train! I glance around the station.
All is as empty as the upper sky!

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushed level and stark shining waste—
Naught but myself, that cry, and the dull shaking
Of wheel and axle, stopped in breathless haste!

"Now then—look sharp! Eh, what? The station-master?
Thar's none! We stopped here of our own accord.
The man got killed in that down train disaster
This time last evening. Right there! All aboard!"

BRET HARTE.

MR. MORLEY AND THE NEW RADICALISM.

I.

THE successes at municipal and bye-elections have inspired the Liberal party with renewed hopes of a decisive triumph at the General Election. Such a result is much to be desired, but it depends on other considerations than a few victories at the polls three years before the appeal to the country can be made. Two of the constituencies which we have carried—Bucks and Peterborough—are singularly fickle, and the same may be said of Southampton, Coventry, Rochester, and other of the earlier gains. Some advance has no doubt been made on 1886, and Scotland is clearly won back, while the moral effect of repeated blows at Coercionist candidates is excellent. Moreover, small importance attaches to the rebuff at Brighton, which only illustrates the moral of the defeats in Central Birmingham and St. George's, Hanover Square—viz., that the "class" constituencies are lost—and well lost—to the more popular of the two parties. But I still believe that some elements necessary to contribute to a decisive Liberal success in the great fight of 1892 or 1893 are wanting, and I propose to state them here for the benefit of the clans who are now gathering in Manchester. They are, in my opinion—

1. The want of a truly progressive spirit in the leaders, coupled with bad or lukewarm Parliamentary management;
2. The continued indifference of the masses;
3. The want of definiteness in the official programme, and the manner in which it has hitherto been cut down to suit the dozen or so men who supply the party funds.

On the question of Parliamentary management I need say little. It is a very sore subject with Radical members. It was

greatly aggravated last Session, when, with the exception of Mr. Morley, the Front Opposition Bench as a body shirked their work, shied at the Commission, deserted their followers over the Royal grants (eleven going with Mr. Gladstone and the Tories on Mr. Morley's amendment against 136 Liberal opponents of the grants), and generally showed that the Whig tail which Mr. Gladstone has dragged through his career, shedding vertebræ as he goes, is still potent for evil in the Liberal party. Some of the members of the Front Bench are notoriously suspect even on the question of Home Rule. Mr. Childers and Mr. Henry Fowler are known to be lukewarm adherents of the new departure. The average attendances of these gentlemen are small, and their tale of work is smaller still. One solitary wreath—the defeat of the Tithes Bill—has Sir William Harcourt placed on his Olympian front. For the rest the brows of the Liberal leaders are bare.

Much more serious than any question of Parliamentary management is the fact that the Liberal leaders have, with the exception of Sir William Harcourt, in his speech at Stratford, and of Mr. Morley at the Eighty Club, omitted definitely to pledge themselves to the programme of the majority of their followers; and even these two deliverances do not cover the whole platform. There is nothing, for instance, in which the London Radicals are more keenly interested than in the popular control of the police and the restoration of their time-honoured right of meeting in Trafalgar Square. In this they are supported by the whole body of London Liberal members, and by every Progressive member of the County Council. But Mr. Gladstone, in his very qualified endorsement at Limehouse of what is known as the London programme, omitted to pledge himself on the question of the police, just as he now fails to back the demand of the Liberal and Radical Associations for the inclusion in the Manchester programme of the repeal of the breakfast-table duties. Or take a question of the immediate future. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley—especially the latter—are firm in their resolution to couple a Home Rule Bill with a measure of land purchase on an English guarantee. But the Radical party—to which, especially after the formation of a new Radical organisation inside the House, counting at least

70 members, the centre of gravity in progressive Liberalism has now been distinctly transferred—is equally resolute in opposing the buying out of Irish landlords with the money of the English taxpayer. If, then, the leaders are divided from their followers on this imminent matter of practical politics, what is likely to be their attitude when the party will have to choose its ground—as it must choose it soon—on such questions as leasehold enfranchisement, and to decide whether the new idea of the drastic taxation of land values is to be watered down to the mere relief of an inconsiderable class of middlemen, or, rather, is to be sunk altogether in a plan of occupying ownership, much on the lines of Irish land purchase? These are matters of principle, not of tactics. If it is said that their discussion is remote, I would point to the fact that Radical politics are rapidly progressive*; that they are definitely settling down on the lines of what Mr. Charles Booth, the author of that very cautious examination of social conditions in London, entitled *Life and Labour*, calls Limited Socialism; that the London programme, their most promising development, is largely Socialistic; and that for the last eighteen months every Liberal candidate, with the exception of Mr. Leveson-Gower in East Marylebone, has pledged himself to action in restriction of the hours of labour, similar pledges having been given by most of the Progressive members of the London County Council. And yet Mr. Morley is still the leader of the opposition to an Eight Hours Bill, and rejects the compromise of the Liberal and Radical Union, while Mr. Gladstone divides land nationalisers between fools and criminals. Mr. Morley has also sounded the note of uncompromising resistance to land nationalisation, apparently oblivious of the fact that he is committed to its first steps in the taxation of land values.

But I shall be told that these questions of English politics are indifferent when compared with the over-mastering problem of Home Rule, and that the masses do not care for the advance

* Within the last fortnight the London Liberal candidates have definitely rejected leasehold enfranchisement in favour of a movement for the compensation of urban tenants for improvements; and the Liberal and Radical Union, in a meeting which marks a new era in Liberal politics, have adopted a social programme, including an Eight Hours Day for Government and Municipal employés.

which some Liberal politicians are making on the lines of a new labour programme. I have yet to learn that politicians ever get in front of the popular demand. But is it a fact that the English working men, touched as they are, and most nobly touched, by the great object-lesson in despotic government across the Irish Channel, have yet been absorbed in the Irish question to the exclusion of their own sad problems? I do not think so. It was not the case in 1886. Nothing was more characteristic of those elections than the low polls in working-class constituencies. Take London. South St. Pancras only polled 52·5 of its electorate—a fraction over half; Stepney, in the East, only polled 57·3; and Bethnal Green (a strong Radical and working-class district) 55·1. The bye-elections since 1886 show some improvement, especially since the linking of Home Rule with a social programme; but even Southwark, where the removals were hunted up at a large expenditure of time and money, only polled 73·3 of its electorate, and Holborn only 69·2. Does not this show that a large section of the voters, which, according to the accounts of election agents, is mostly drawn from the working classes, does not take an interest in elections? Bad registration laws, no doubt, account for some proportion of the loss of the working-class vote, but not for the whole, and even the defects of the registration system are emphasised by the indifference of the voters, who care too little for the ordinary questions which divide parties to claim their birthright at the cost of a little trouble to themselves. The plain truth is that there is a deep and wide stratum of sheer indifference in the English electorate, which will never be removed until, as in the East End Strike, bread-and-butter questions take the place of idle party polemics and Mr. Morley shows for the East End docker the enthusiasm which he has rightly developed for the Connemara cottier.

A fortnight ago I should have said it was hopeless to expect as much as this. I have placed Mr. Morley in the forefront because, whatever may be his faults, he has a fine mind and a keenly sensitive conscience, and also because, in view of Mr. Gladstone's increasing years, he is the only man in the front rank of Liberalism who can at once revive the oratorical traditions of a Burke and a Fox, and

be to the new generation what the Grand Old Man has been to the two generations preceding it. But I, in common with many others, was beginning to say—*L'ennemi c'est* Morley. For Mr. Morley was fast realising M. de Laveleye's curt summary of his position—"He does not know that the social question exists." After the Eighty Club speech, with its admirable spirit and partial, but sincere, endorsement of our programme, that is no longer the case. But though Mr. Morley has given Social Reform a coy and philosophic embrace, he has not yet taken her to his bosom, and he still turns his back on the good things which providence (with a small p) designs for him. He has moreover, it is said, been ruled out of the reversion to the leadership, and Lord Spencer, an amiable second-rater and traditional Whig, has been named in his stead. Now here is a chance among ten thousand. Mr. Morley can now place himself at the head of the fighting Radicals. He can decide for his own doctrine of ante-opportunist days of no compromise in principle. But then what does Mr. Morley do? Surely there is a wiser policy marked out for him than to cry "Forward!" for an advanced programme on the platform and "Back!" in the committee-room; to have one voice for the Clerkenwell artisan and another for the Executive of the National Liberal Federation; and for the practical Socialist of St. James's Hall to become the unpractical and impracticable individualist of Newcastle.* Take his favourite question of the Eight Hours Bill. There is a general agreement that the reign of *laissez-faire* is at an end, and that the rule of free competition in the labour market is to be further checked by State regulation. How has Mr. Morley approached this subject, in relation to which the practical statesman should at least see that, though the extreme demand may not be attainable, or even wise, the very height of unwisdom is to oppose a blank *non possumus?* At one time he seemed inclined to take the extreme individualist line, and to say definitely that the State

* Mr. George Russell, in his recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, declares that Mr. Morley cannot lead the new Social Radicalism because he is an individualist and *laissez-faire* man. I cannot agree with this. Mr. Morley seems to me to be divided between the two schools, and to be standing now on his individualist and now on his Socialist leg.

ought not to concern itself with the regulation of the hours of adult labour. Speaking at a soirée at Newcastle, in connection with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, he said (April 22nd, 1889):—

"I think that to work eight hours is better than to work nine hours. I think we must remember that our working classes are not mere machines. They are not merely hands; they have heads, and they have hearts and homes to look after. Therefore, I am for reducing the hours of labour to such limits as may be practicable. But I for one am firm on this, that the limitation must be effected, as some of the greatest reforms have been, by our own firm individual effort, and not by giving to Parliament to do that which Parliament is not well fitted to do. . . . Mind, I am not against eight hours, but a Parliamentary Eight Hours Bill."

Mr. Morley is mistaken in supposing that the shorter hours which English workmen enjoy as compared with foreign labourers are due to individual effort alone. So far as they are shorter—*i.e.*, in factories, but not on railways or in unorganised home industries—that result is owing to the indirect working of the series of factory laws ending in the Act of 1878—helped, no doubt, by the unions but not achieved by them alone. It is more to the purpose, however, to point out that Mr. Morley has in the hours question gone back on his own teaching. In his life of Cobden he admirably summarises the case against the Manchester school in an epitome of Mill's own very careful and exhaustive argument in favour of a Nine Hours Bill, and points out where the action of the State is required to supplement individual efforts and to guarantee them against abuse by a selfish and spiritless minority:—

"The answer of modern statesmanship is that unfettered individual competition is not a principle to which the regulation of industry may be entrusted. There may be conditions which it is in the highest degree desirable to impose on industry, and to which the general opinion of the industrial classes may be entirely favourable. Yet the assistance of law may be needed to give effect to this opinion, because—in the words of the great man who was now preparing the exposition of political economy that was to reign all through the next generation—only law can afford to every individual a guarantee that his competitors will pursue the same course as to hours of labour and so forth, without which he cannot safely adopt it himself."

Obviously there is no difference in principle between an Eight Hours and a Nine Hours Bill, and if Parliamentary interference, direct or indirect, is justified in order to secure the latter limit, it is allowable in the former case. Mr. Morley no doubt recognised this inconsistency in his position, since, in the House of Commons, in his speech on the Berne Conference, he appeared to lay most stress on details, such as whether the supporters of an Eight Hours Bill proposed to decree an eight hours day for sailors and painters. Really, that is on a level with Mr. Morley's answer to the deputation of Newcastle Socialists, that an Eight Hours Bill for railways was impossible because it would leave some country station-masters too little work to do; or his argument—in blank endorsement of the sweating system—that you must not reduce the hours of labour because you might interfere with the employer's ability to get his labour as cheap as he wanted. Lord Sandon once pictured the people of Asia Minor renovated by steam ploughs. Mr. Morley's sketch of the country station-master demoralised by an Eight Hours Bill almost outdoes Lord Sandon's masterpiece in pictorial politics. Or take his attitude in regard to the resolution of the Liberal and Radical Union. Mr. Morley is all for an Eight Hours Day. Well, you must begin somewhere, and the Government, as the largest employer of labour, is asked to set the rule to smaller employers. Mr. Morley immediately objects that the men at Elswick will be working longer hours than the men at Woolwich for the same pay. For how long are they likely to do anything of the kind?

What Radicals really want from Mr. Morley, whom they greatly respect and admire, and also from the Liberal leaders, is not over-nice criticism, but a plain declaration as to how far they mean to go, and on what lines they mean to go. Nothing less than this will satisfy us; but what is more important, nothing else will attract the working man's vote. I have shown that the Liberal leaders are not in touch with their following. But what is to be said of the new generation of working men, educated by the School Boards, prompted by able leaders, and animated by no traditional attachment to the Liberal party? These men see that though the Conservative party maintains Coercion it is open to compromise on

such questions as local government, employers' liability, and free and technical education, and that in point of fact the Liberal programme proclaimed at Birmingham is being, piece by piece, carried out by unprincipled but pliable Tory-Opportunist statesmen. Since 1886 two independent labour parties have been formed, one neutral towards both parties but with Radical leanings, the other more or less under influence hostile to Liberalism. The trade unions are more and more falling under the control of advanced men and the domination of advanced theories. For instance, plans of land and mines nationalisation, to one of which Mr. Morley is in "dead" opposition, are now mere commonplaces of Trades Union politics, the annual resolutions in their favour being passed without even a formal vote, while Mr. Labouchere, in his Scotch tour, accepts the latter as part of the Radical programme. Mr. Henry George addresses scores of middle-class audiences and gets unanimous votes for his resolutions. What is the Liberal party—the party of the masses as against the classes—doing to meet these new movements? I confess I cannot see that some Liberal leaders are doing anything but stopping development within the ranks of their own followers. Manchester, it is whispered, will see a change—it is high time. But when headquarters want a candidate they foist Sir Horace Davey, a discredited Whig, on the Stockton electorate, and ensure a drop of many hundreds in the Liberal majority of 1886, already low enough in all conscience. They fight the popular candidate in a democratic Welsh constituency, and get signally beaten. They have cut the programme down to the point at which the paymasters will tolerate it. Is that the way to gain over the masses, to bring up the workers in town and country, and to give us for the first time the vote of the reserves in English politics? I trow not. If the Liberal party is to continue to exist as a great instrument of progress, it must have different men and methods; otherwise it will never accomplish its mission—

Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis.

A SOCIALIST RADICAL.

II.

THE veriest Tory must allow that his political opponents are more quick of perception and more prompt to act than the gentlemen of his own party. The lamentable difference—to him lamentable at any rate—has been illustrated many times ; the last occasion being a very striking one.

In the Gladstonian as in the Conservative party there are two sections, the official and the unofficial. In both cases it might be assumed that the official section is at least as well instructed as the other, and as keen to detect all that is going on below the surface of affairs. In effect, however, it does not seem to be so. Whether because they live in a little world of their own, too much aloft, or because they are so deeply thoughtful that they have no time to look about them, or because their vision is obscured by the circumvolutions of their own plots and plans for the retention or the acquisition of place, or whether because of all these misfortunes together, the truth seems to be that the official members of both parties are often dull to facts of the greatest significance that lie out in open daylight for everybody else. Amongst active politicians, the first to perceive, the first to acknowledge, the first to act upon the knowledge that the Home Rule question has no hold upon the masses in England were not the more Olympian Gladstonians but men of inferior degree. Deluded, perhaps, by the misinterpreted fact that meetings three thousand strong can always be got together to hear a slashing speech from an eminent person, the Gladstonian leaders persuaded themselves till quite lately that there was a passionate feeling in the country in favour of Home Rule —the only thing which the eminent persons lectured on. They did not sufficiently consider, perhaps, that a gratuitous exhibition of Jumbo (Jumbo was a popular elephant; now, alas! no more) would have drawn yet greater crowds in every considerable town in the kingdom. While the common masses of mankind are as curious as

the *élite*, their opportunities and their pence are few; on which account they are always willing to crowd for amusement where there is nothing to pay. Merely to see and hear Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, thousands will go. And so if Mr. Barnum appeared on Newcastle Town Moor, only to read the latest money-market article in the *Times*, what multitudes would gather, and what applause there would be! If the facts on which this reflection rests had occurred to the Gladstonian orators, they would have drawn less confident inferences from their crowded meetings; they would have seen, perhaps, that it was hazardous to rest their hopes of victory at the polls on a general enthusiasm for what has long been as much a mystery as a bore; and looking about them, as men surprised by anxiety will, they would have discovered the openings of a far surer way to success.

Sharper eyes than theirs were at work in the Gladstonian faction, and the eyes belonged to men who had no extreme reverence for authority. I speak of the gentlemen of the House of Commons who appointed Mr. Jacoby as their whip and Mr. Labouchere as their leader. Admitting to their senses the currents of common sentiment and opinion, they understood as soon as anybody that the people of this country were never enthusiastic for Home Rule; were never in love with the Irish; could not be persuaded that they were worse off or more deserving than tens of thousands of their own fellow countrymen; and, moreover, that if they were not enthusiastic for Home Rule to begin with, they had gradually got sick and more sick of the whole fantastic turmoil and its artificialities. This on the one hand. On the other, they marked the rise and progress of a state of feeling in England which could be handled to enormous advantage by the willing demagogue. It was an entirely natural growth, too, and no mere hot-bed product of rhetoric and sensibility. Any reasoning man might have foretold it long before it appeared, so much is it in the natural order of things. To put the matter shortly, successive Reform Bills have left the masses without a single political grievance, and at the same time have given to them a preponderance of legalised political power. With no more need of political privilege, what are they to do with their power? What use are they to turn it to? Obviously, to their

social and material advantage. That this is its first and most righteous use they have been taught abundantly. How their lot may be bettered has been pointed out to them in several particulars by men who at the same time bid them laugh at the fusty pedants who chatter of mine and thine and prophesy confusion for a system of State robbery.

Upon all this, Socialism becomes a fashion, just as æstheticism did the other day; with the difference that, while Socialism is lisped in drawing-rooms as a sentimental matter, it is dourly discussed in workshop and mine as a gospel so righteous that violence on its behalf is righteous too. Why, then, what opportunities are here? That was the question that passed from mouth to mouth when Radicals below the Gangway met in tea-room or smoking-room. And O this one-idea'd Grand Old Man of ours, with his everlasting roar about Home Rule, which the British democracy values less than the acquisition of a brass farthing, and with no eyes and no ears for the easy means of smashing the Tories utterly and of putting a New Radicalism in power to the end of the century! That was the argument, that was the cry. But the Labouchérians did not merely argue and complain. Feeling sure of their ground in the country, they promptly formed themselves into a faction, put a man at their head, settled into a distinct organisation, confronted their one-idea'd captain with plans of their own, hustled him and his lieutenants in the character of open mutineers, and are resolute to continue the mutiny

Of course the Parliamentary New Radicals have no intention of displacing Home Rule from the Gladstonian programme: the Irish vote is far too valuable for that. But, to the delight of the Irish Parnellites, who are all for confusion in England, they propose to hoist the Socialist "Jolly Roger" in every constituency, at the same time offering to every Whig in their company the choice of submission or exclusion. They have made their observations, they have formulated their conclusions, and they are confident that the victory at the next general election is not to be won on Home Rule principles, and is to be won by calling out the masses to fight for plunder and the legalisation thereof. Do their leaders—Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, for instance—

"tumble" to these conclusions? That is the first question, though by no means a decisive one for the Labouchérians. Still, it stands in the way. It has to be answered; and it has been fully if not formally presented to the parties more immediately concerned. The gentlemen whose names appear above have been given to understand that whether it pleases them or not, the next general election is to be a contest between the New Radicalism and everybody and everything opposed to it. Do they, then, intend to adopt the New Radical programme? Do they mean to put themselves at the head of a general attack on the classes, their wretched laws of free contract, their abominable property and their iniquitous savings, or do they propose to potter on amidst the old superstitions? That is the only question for them. If they say no to the first of these questions, good-bye to them: their only remaining choice, practically, is to go over to the other side or retire from politics altogether. They may call themselves deserted, they may find themselves denounced. That is what they are to understand. What is more, they do understand it, and understand it as no joke; for they are much more than half-inclined to believe, now that the facts are brought home to them, that the Labouchérian estimate of current forces is correct.

It is a serious dilemma for the present or perhaps we should say the nominal or provisional leaders of the Radical Opposition; and the organisers of the new party see clearly where it is most embarrassing. It is their happiness to believe that they will not have much difficulty with either Mr. Gladstone or Sir William Harcourt when the time comes. But there may be others more obdurate; and the plan is, apparently, to seize upon one or two of these, put them to the test at once, and promptly make of them examples of submission to the *force majeure* of Radical Socialism or of punishment for resistance to it. Mr. Morley seems to be the first selection. When he was heckled at Newcastle a few days since —being ordered up for the purpose by It-that-will-be-Obeyed—he expressed a warm surprise that he should be subjected to pressure like a candidate on the eve of an election contest. Inquiries as to what he thought of this and that—all, of course, selected from the New Radical catechism—were put to him by persons with note-

books in their hands, just as if the general election were seven days off. I wonder whether Mr. Morley was as much surprised at that as he said he was. Of course there may have been no collusion between the hecklers in the deputation and the organisers of the New Radicalism, nor even any suggestion from the one to the other. This rude untimely catechising may simply have proceeded from a wish, common to both, that Mr. Morley should be brought to book and his answers noted for publication and opprobrium without delay. But however that may be, it seems pretty certain that the new party, which took deep offence at his independent and undemocratic conduct when the Royal Grants Bill was discussed, is determined to bring him under their own brand or mark him for suspicion and exclusion. That done, others like him, it is calculated, will note the conquest or the boycott, and regulate their conduct accordingly.

I do not choose to speculate on the result of this attempt to squeeze Mr. Morley into the mould cast by Messrs. Labouchere, Salt (I fancy that is the name), and Jacoby. But standing without the communion to which he belongs, I can but regret that such a man should be subjected to handling of this sort, no matter what comes of it. And this regret is not diminished by the extreme likelihood—and now I merely report what is said amongst the New Radicals themselves—that if the bent of his mind compels him to choose a determinate opposition to what most of us believe the more violent and corrupt doctrine of that party, he will not have much countenance from his colleagues. The more important of these gentlemen are already thought to be "all right," it seems; or no doubt is entertained that so they will be found when hard comes to hard two years hence. But what concerns me most (which, however, would be of no consequence if it were not also the first concern of nine-tenths of the Conservative party, as well as of many Liberals) is what our good leaders propose to do in face of the new, sudden, and formidable growth of organised Anarchism in England. They could hardly have foreseen its appearance, nor could they have been aware that it had come into existence till some time after the event; otherwise their legislation in some cases would not have been what it was. However, there is little question of its

existence now, or of its vitality. A matter of opinion, of course; but it seems to me all but absolutely certain that the hopes and plans of the New Radical party are based on sound conclusions. Sinister they may be, sinister indeed they are; but not on that account, of course, unsound. The social ferment which is the first element in the Laboucherian calculations is no illusion. It is true that the people, taken generally, care nothing for the question which both parties continue to rave over, no matter what its real importance may be. It is true that, while they are indifferent to this, they are deeply stirred by other questions which affect their own homes, their own lives; and true that they are rapidly coming to believe that a more blessed morality than any taught in church and school commands them to legalise the ever-fascinating principles which Robin Hood is said to have proceeded on in the limited area of Sherwood Forest. One set of preachers bids them look on all accumulation of property as funded theft from themselves, and the whole system of law and custom as an invention of the depredators. Here is a body of men with authoritative names who point to the land as the people's, if no other kind of property is theirs: these are the prophets of Advanced Radicalism. Here another set of men is eager to show the people that it is the capitalist, the manufacturer, the trader, who has robbed them most, and has fattened most, and for mere tyranny and heartlessness most deserves to be stripped of his possessions: these are the Social Democrats on the one hand and the Tory Democrats on the other. All this preaching reaches the ears of the masses —to whom it is addressed—unfailingly; and the promise of revenge for past wrongs and better days in time to come strongly recommends a doctrine which is also said to rest on the fundamental principles of Christianity. The ferment that ensues is wide and deep; and since the preponderance of political power lies in the hands of the masses, there cannot be much error in the calculation that the spirit of enterprise thus engendered can be turned to vast account at the polls. This is the use which the Laboucherian Radicals are resolved to make of it. Their operations are already begun, and are sure to increase in breadth and vigour as Election-day approaches. Of what good are your votes

to you, they already say to the people, if not to spoil your oppressors and better your own lot? Give those votes to us, and Labour shall have its own at last, while the laws of God's justice and not man's shall be vindicated.

A seductive appeal; and we may depend upon it that, if it is not heard very plainly as yet from the lips of men like Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Gladstone, it is because the heats of the next great contest have not begun, and its desperations have yet to glare upon the vision of the combatants. As for Mr. Gladstone himself, he will know that, in all likelihood, the next struggle will be the last. If that is lost, all's lost; and therefore to suppose that he will stick at a Laboucherian programme, which, however revolutionary it may be, will become sanctified as soon as he adopts it, is altogether unreasonable. That, of course, is what the New Radicals think. They are equally sure of their Harcourt, and, indeed, of nearly the whole body of official Gladstonians, the most important exception being Mr. Morley, who is to be drawn in or driven out. But, with him or without him, it is plain that the next electoral contest will be fought, on the one side, on the lines of the New Radicalism, which even Mr. Chamberlain professes himself appalled at. How will it be fought on the other side? On competitive or opposition principles? So far, we have gone on competitive principles. Is that to continue? I hope not. The right course, the honest course, and, what is more, the most promising, is to gather all the conservative forces of the country in strict opposition to an attack which will be little less in its effects than the onset of civil war. If that be the choice, all the true Liberals in the nation will join us—thousands of old-school Radicals even. If not, if sop and concession are to be the Ministerial weapons, the game will be lost; for the more sturdy Conservatives will have nothing to do with it, and small blame to them.

A LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE.

RABIES.

II.

THE following account is from the pen of one who, in his official position, was present through all the phases of a period full of anguish and dreadful perplexities:

"On July 4th, 1885, at eight o'clock in the morning, Joseph Meister, nine years of age, the eldest son of a baker living at Steige (Alsace), was going alone from that village to a neighbouring school at Meissengott. He was walking along an isolated path, a schoolboys' path, when a dog rushed at him and forced him to the ground. The child did not try to offer any resistance, but covered his face with his arms. The dog bit him, rolled him over and over, and worried him. A mason saw the scene from some distance off, and hurried to the spot. Armed with an iron bar, he beat the dog over and over again until the animal ran away home only to attack its owner. The owner, Théodore Vone, a grocer at Meissengott, took a gun and killed the dog. Foaming at the mouth, straw and pieces of wood in the stomach were there to show that the animal was presumably rabid.

"The parents of little Meister thought at first that their son had been attacked by a vicious dog. The day was spent in washing and dressing the child's wounds. But in the evening, frightened at what she heard—the accident the owner of the dog met with, the sudden determination of the owner to kill the dog with a shot from his gun—the mother took her little boy Joseph to Dr. Weber, at Villé. Dr. Weber cauterised the wounds with carbolic acid although twelve hours had elapsed since the accident, and advised Madame Meister to start for Paris and to take the child to one who alone, owing to the severity of the case, would be capable of giving

good advice. 'That man lives in the Rue d'Ulm,' added the physician, 'and he is called M. Pasteur.'

"M. Théodore Vone wished to accompany the mother, for she was getting more and more anxious, and the child's legs and thighs were so severely wounded that he could scarcely walk. They came to the laboratory on Monday, July 6th. M. Pasteur was greatly distressed and affected by the misfortunes of these poor people, and, although fully convinced of the value of his last experiments, the idea of applying his method for the first time on that child caused him great anguish. He therefore went and told Dr. Vulpian and his pupil and friend, Dr. Grancher, professor at the Faculty of Medicine, of the situation he found himself face to face with. Dr. Vulpian and Dr. Grancher came at once, and saw little Meister, and, both of them agreeing, advised M. Pasteur to try on the child, doomed to an almost certain death the method which had always been successful when applied to dogs.

"A shepherd from the Jura, named Jean Baptiste Jupille, came after little Meister. This boy had been bitten by a rabid dog, and arrived in order to undergo the preventive inoculations, after six days had already elapsed since he had been injured. M. Pasteur felt rather anxious on account of this delay of six days. But, although he carefully noted the difference between that space of time and the two days and a half which had elapsed from the time little Meister had been bitten to the beginning of the inoculations, he hoped that it was still possible to act. As rabies but rarely breaks out in man before a period of less than one month or six weeks after the bite, it appeared possible that the inoculations might have time to fully exert their vaccinating influence, and prevent the effects of the virus of rabies. It is really a question of speed. Rabies is, owing to the relative length of its period of incubation, like a Parliamentary train, whereas the *vaccin*, on account of the large amount which is injected, passes it just as an express train passes a slow train, and, after it has once passed it, prevents the active virus from entering the human economy. All *Paris* followed with the greatest interest that second experiment on Jupille. In the Press, in drawing-rooms, in cafés, in the streets even, everybody gave his opinion, sometimes enthusiastic,

sometimes reserved, sometimes hostile or even abusive, as to the degree of confidence which the newly-announced method deserved. A sentimental reason further increased the interest the crowd took in that experiment. That shepherd had given proofs of real courage.

"He was watching his flock in a meadow at Villers-Farlay in the Jura, when he saw a rabid dog running towards a group of children who were playing some little distance off. Jupille ran, whip in hand, to meet the dog. The children were able to run away, whilst the dog attacked Jupille. Then began a terrible struggle. With the help of his right hand, Jupille freed his left hand which was held fast by the teeth of the dog. Mastering the animal, he succeeded in tying up its mouth with the cord of his whip, and seizing one of his wooden shoes he brained the brute. . . .

"The French Academy rewarded his plucky action with a prize of 1,000fr. This sum brought a little comfort to the very poor family of Jupille, who, luckily for him, very soon saw the grandeur of his reputation in a true light. Like La Fontaine's shepherd, who had been raised for one moment to the dignity of favourite, he left Paris,

'Comme l'on sortirait d'un songe,'

and went quietly back to Villers-Farlay.*

"Then bitten persons arrived from all quarters. Nobody could have believed that such a large number of accidents could be due to rabies.

"It was at this time, in the midst of this crowd of people coming to be inoculated, that, on November 9th, 1885, a child ten years old, little Louise Pelletier, came to M. Pasteur, after having been bitten thirty-seven days before. A huge mountain dog had furiously attacked her at La Varenne Saint-Hilaire. Not only was there a wound in the armpit, but there was another deep one at the back of the head. . . . The case seemed hopeless. But had there been only one chance in a thousand of saving this child, it would still have been right to make a trial and apply the method. . . . The treatment had come to an end a few days before, and the child had returned to the lodgings of her parents, in the Rue Dauphine, had

* Meister and Jupille are alive to this day and in perfect health.—A. R.

gone back to the life of a hard-working schoolgirl, and one might almost have begun to hope she was safe, when the first symptoms of hydrophobia made their appearance. The child refused all fluids. The contractions of the throat allowed no liquids to pass. The spasms of suffocation choked her speech. One might have fancied one heard the last sobs which follow in the wake of a child's fits of anger.

"On the morning of December 2nd, a period of calm came, which lasted eight hours. A struggle seemed to take place between the disease and the preventive inoculations, which had been begun again and were repeated every two hours. But the virus had already extended too far. Rabies was too powerful. In the evening the disease, attended by its horrors, hiccoughs and hallucinations, made further progress. The unfortunate little one said she felt as if water was running all over her body. At times she did not recognise her father, taking him for a stranger; then, noticing her mistake suddenly, she showered upon him her excuses and caresses. She kept calling for M. Pasteur, and took his hands, saying: 'Stay near my bed; I should be afraid if you went away! Oh! I am so glad to have you near me.' The words came by fits and starts from her panting throat; death was creeping over her eyes—the great black eyes which anxiously watched us—and during these awful hours the sister, who had been removed from the room, went on with her school lessons in the dining-room, by the light of a lamp.

"On December 3rd, little Louise Pelletier died. There was at first a rebound in public opinion. From all parts of the horizon certain journalists, birds of evil omen, came flying to the spot. Articles were flaunted about bearing as title, 'Le Triomphe de M. Pasteur.' Not only did they proclaim that the method was a failure, but they even insinuated that the death of little Louise Pelletier was due not to the bites of the dog, but to the virus contained in the fluid used for inoculations. M. Pasteur was worse than a charlatan; he was a murderer. The calumnies became more and more virulent. Did they succeed in preventing people from coming to the laboratory? They caused some to hesitate, at any rate. A Hungarian woman, bitten by a rabid dog, came

immediately to Paris to be inoculated by M. Pasteur, but stayed there six days before she summoned up courage enough to knock at the laboratory door. When M. Pasteur asked her the cause of this delay, she answered in return: 'After I had read all I was made to read, I had no longer any confidence.' At the very moment when the departure from New York of four American children bitten by a rabid dog was announced, these philanthropic papers stated publicly that if the sad ending of little Louise Pelletier had been known in America, the parents would have spared the children a long and certainly useless journey. They came and went back cured, and hundreds of bitten people followed them. . . .

"In the month of March, 1886, nineteen Russian peasants, clothed in the skins of animals, came all the way from the neighbourhood of Smolensk, after having been bitten by a rabid wolf. The wolf, roaming through the country for two days and two nights, had attacked these peasants with such fury that some were actually disfigured, whilst others were lacerated and bruised. This batch of Russians caused great anxiety, because, whereas in the case of dog-bites one person out of six dies, the percentage of deaths after bites from rabid wolves is very much higher. The virus is the same, but in most cases the dog after biting passes on, whereas the wolf worrying its victim favours the introduction of virus. Often of twenty people bitten by a rabid wolf every single one dies. . . . Of the nineteen Russians from Smolensk, sixteen went home cured. . . .

"The three Russians who died had horrible wounds on the head. Perhaps there might have been some chance of curing them if the preventive inoculations had been begun at once. But how could it be possible, after fourteen days had elapsed, to find a remedy when the whole body had already been permeated by the virus? At the post-mortem examination of one of these unhappy people, a broken tooth of the wolf was found sticking in the skull. When, on the eve of their departure, the sixteen others, after being cured, crossed the door of the laboratory for the last time they felt a religious veneration, just as if they had been crossing the door of the Kremlin."

These sixteen Russians are in excellent health still. It is not

difficult to explain the causes of the failure of the treatment, when applied under the circumstances attending the deaths of Louise Pelletier and of the three Russians of whom we have just spoken. We have but to think over the facts which we mentioned just now, whilst writing of the intra-cranial injections of pure virus, which are always followed by a fatal attack of rabies. The virus of rabies, in the latter mode of procedure, is placed in direct contact with the brain substance, and begins to develop at once. The symptoms of rabies, nevertheless, even under these conditions, show themselves only after a fortnight has elapsed. We may suppose that if, in the case of Louise Pelletier, the virus of rabies had already begun to increase at the time she was brought by her mother to undergo the treatment, the preventive inoculations did not have time to exert their beneficent action on her nervous system, brain, or *medulla oblongata*. According to this hypothesis the case was hopeless from the first. It must often happen that, in the case of some of our patients bitten in a similar manner—especially if the wounds be on the face, or, still worse, on the head—the virus of rabies is carried to the nervous centres in a very few days, or even hours after the bite, and acts under these conditions as if it had been introduced directly under the skull after trephining.

At the very time of writing these lines, I received notes relating to a large number of cases of death from rabies, which took place in 1877. The deaths followed the bites so quickly that, a small number excepted, all belong to the category of cases of which I have just spoken. Although the story is a long and painful one, the readers of the NEW REVIEW will allow me to relate it in the very words of Dr. Baley, a medical practitioner at Châteaulieu, in the department of Finistère, who kindly gave me the particulars. All the facts are very instructive, and the circumstances have never been fully published in any paper.

During the early days of the month of November, 1877, a setter dog of medium size passed near the powder manufactory of Pont-de-Buis and attacked two dogs belonging to the director of the manufactory. The dog went on and presently came to a place called Port-Launay, meeting five dogs, which he bit one after the other, but which were at once

destroyed, as the dog that bit them appeared to be strange in his manner. The same dog continued his progress and bit two watch-dogs, two oxen, and two pigs. Then, retracing his steps, he again paused at Pont-de-Buis but was killed by the director who recognised him.

The director of the powder manufactory closely observed his two dogs, and both died of rabies a fortnight afterwards, at one day's interval from each other. The veterinary surgeon of Châteaulieu (Finistère) and I were able to recognise the disease ourselves. A few days afterwards one of the farm dogs belonging to M. Auffert, who had been bitten in the higher part of the village, appeared to be strange in its manner and was at once destroyed. Unfortunately, the two sons of M. Auffert, six and seven years of age, were bitten by their father's dog and died of rabies about a fortnight after.

The other farm dog belonging to an individual called Piriou de Pratyr, was tied up, but on December 1st broke the chain and, roaming round Châteaulieu, was stopped by a workman named Poulmarch, aged 43 years, who was bitten in the hand and died of rabies on December 13th. The dog was locked up in the market-house, but not being closely watched escaped, and completely disappeared, and no one was able to find out what became of it.

On November 23rd of the same year, a she-wolf started from Kernesal Wood, which is situated six kilomètres from Châteaulieu, and in her progress bit men and animals with great fury. She was killed ultimately sixteen kilomètres from her starting point at the Menez-Horn, just as she was biting the young dog of a peasant. This man, seeing the extreme state of fatigue and collapse of the wolf, was able to put her out of her misery by braining her with a club.

During her progress, the she-wolf bit thirty-seven animals (horses, cows, oxen) which were closely watched until every single one of them had died of rabies.

The following are the names and ages of the persons bitten by this animal, as well as the description of their wounds:—

1. A woman, aged 60, bitten in the shoulder and hand, was not cauterised. She is still alive.

2. Cardion, Pierre, aged 13, bitten in the hand and arm, was cauterised, but died on December 9th.

3. Allain, Pierre, aged 5½, was horribly mutilated, and died the next day from the effects of his wounds.

4. Monjour, Jeanne, aged 10, bitten on the head and hands, died on December 11th of rabies, although she had been cauterised.

5. Monjour, Yves, aged 9, bitten on the face and hand, had been cauterised, but died of rabies on December 13th.

6. Monjour, Guillaume, aged 8, bitten on the face and hand, had been cauterised, but died of rabies on December 14th.

(The last four patients were watching their flocks and were bitten together, the wolf only leaving one in order to attack another. They were cauterised with a red-hot iron a few hours after the accident.)

7. M. Le Roy, aged 22, several wounds on hand, arm, and face. He actually wrestled with the brute. He was cauterised and is alive now.

8. Mdlle. Avant, 20 years, was slightly bitten on the shoulder through thick clothes. She was not cauterised, and died of rabies on January 30th, 1878.

9. A man about 30 years old was horribly bitten in the head, and sent to the hospital at Brest, in order to have his wounds attended to. He was alive one year afterwards, but I have lost sight of him since.

10. Le Borgne, aged 14, tried to escape from the wolf by climbing up a tree, but was bitten in the foot and died fifteen days afterwards.

11. Mionca, aged 13, and another child of the same age were not badly bitten, but were not cauterised. Mionca died of rabies fourteen days afterwards, whilst the other one is alive still.

Four other peasants, who met the beast during her progress, were bitten. I do not know what became of them afterwards, being unable to trace them, but I am sure that they did not die of rabies, at least not during the same period as the other victims.

In the majority of these cases vaccination by preventive inoculations could only have been applied too late, and could not therefore have increased the resisting powers of the nervous centres. It but seldom happens, however, that persons are bitten under circumstances like those I have just related; and, in desperate cases even, it would be unfair to refuse to give the preventive treatment a trial, and wrong to give up all hope of a cure, for the cases which have been cured after bites on the head and face are extremely numerous.

This is the proper time to answer a question which is often asked by patients or their friends, namely, whether it is expedient to have recourse to the preventive treatment when the patient has been bitten some time before? There is only one possible answer to such a question: It is never too late to begin the treatment, as, if not treated, the odds are all against the patient. On the other hand it is quite evident that the chances of the treatment being successful increase largely if the bites be of very recent date. The danger, if a long time elapses between the date of the bite and the time at which the treatment is begun, consists in the fact that rabies

may suddenly appear during the process of treatment. If, on the other hand, it does not show itself within a fortnight after the treatment is finished, the inoculations will have as much effect as if they had been made soon after the bite.

A short time ago, Madame Luisa Carrera came all the way from Spain to our anti-rabic Institute, and has been undergoing the preventive treatment. She had been bitten, nearly one year before, on September 15th, 1888, by a dog. That animal had also bitten, on the same day, a young man, who died of rabies at the end of July, 1889, after ten and a half months had elapsed from the time of the bite. Madame Carrera became frightened, and hurried to the Pasteur Institute. A few weeks have now passed since the last inoculations were made on her. The latter will, no doubt, prove just as efficacious as if she had undergone the process immediately after being bitten in 1888.

It would be rash to conclude, from these or other facts which I mention, that the treatment may be put off *ad infinitum*. The contrary, namely, that it is better to make haste, is the truth. Physiologically speaking, in all severe cases—and remember that it is difficult to judge *à priori* of the severity of a case—the object ought to be to begin treatment soon enough for the latter to be concluded, before the virus has begun to develop itself in the nervous centres.

If we take one hundred cases of persons bitten by dogs proved to be rabid, the mortality among these persons after they have been subjected to preventive inoculations does not amount to 1 per cent. The mortality does not exceed 2 to 4 per cent. if people bitten on the head and face are alone taken into account. Now, all the competent men who have written on rabies allow that the mortality before the preventive system was discovered amounted, in the case of face bites, to no less than 65 to 95 per cent., whereas if all bites, wherever their seat may have been, be counted, the mortality amounted to 15 or 16 per cent. at least. I believe this number to be far too low, but, nevertheless, I have gladly accepted it, in order to fix people's ideas, and also because, by allowing that it was correct, I could not be suspected of overrating the value of my mode of treatment.

When the prophylactic method for rabies was first applied to patients who had been bitten, when, for instance, Louise Pelletier died, it was easy to contradict, and criticism was often specious. We, at that time, applied the method to a certain number of patients, and rabies did not break out in any of them. Men who, whatever happened, were determined to contradict simply argued that rabies, even if no treatment had been applied, would perhaps never have broken out in such patients; whilst, if the treatment proved unsuccessful, they argued that rabies was bound to break out, and even went so far as to say that the death of these patients was due to the method of treatment.

Things are much changed to-day. The change is due to the fact that truth, in order to be recognised, need only stand the test of time. In various parts of the globe anti-rabic laboratories have been built in imitation of the Paris Institute. The results obtained in these places are as good as ours, better even; and, as an instance, I may mention that Dr. Bujwid has lately published an account of 370 patients vaccinated by him without one death. Italy has now six anti-rabic laboratories—Turin, Milan, Bologna, Rome, Naples, and Palermo. Russia has seven institutes—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Odessa, Kharkoff, Samara, and Tiflis. There is also one at Constantinople, at Havana, at Mexico, at Rio de Janeiro, at Barcelona, at Bucharest, at Vienna, at Buenos Ayres, and another is now being started in Bolivia.

Did I wish to recall cases likely to strike the minds of the most prejudiced people—of those who, for instance, systematically refuse to believe in any vaccination whatsoever—I might quote any number of remarkable proofs of the efficacy of this method. During the last four years the average number of people who come to the Pasteur Institute in order to undergo the preventive treatment (after having been bitten by rabid dogs) amounts to 150 per month. It would be easy to pick out a few demonstrative cases among the seven or eight thousand people who have already been inoculated at the Pasteur Institute.

But each of the anti-rabic institutes could show a number of similar cases, all proving the efficacy of this method, and I will only mention a single fact which may be even more striking than

any of these could be. Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz, at the request of the Prefect of Police, made careful inquiries as to the number of persons bitten in the Department of the Seine during the year 1887. In his official report, printed in 1888, he states that 306 of the people so bitten were vaccinated at the Pasteur Institute, and that *three* of them died of rabies, whereas of the forty-four persons who were not inoculated *seven* died of rabies. The mortality in the first case is 0·97 per cent., and 15·90 per cent. in the second.

In short, the method of prophylaxis against rabies has been proved to be efficacious, and every day, as the number of persons so inoculated increases, brings further proofs of that fact.

Two manifestations, both in England, have greatly helped in removing whatever want of confidence in the prophylactic method against rabies may have existed.

The first manifestation consisted in the publication of the report drawn up, after careful and prolonged experimental trials lasting nearly one year, by a Commission appointed in 1886 by the House of Commons, on the proposition of Sir Henry Roscoe. This Commission was composed of the most expert scientists of Great Britain, namely, Sir James Paget, Bart., *President;* Dr. Lauder Brunton; Dr. G. Fleming, President of the Veterinary College; Sir Joseph Lister, Bart.; Dr. Richard Quain; Sir Henry Roscoe; Professor Burdon Sanderson, and Professor Victor Horsley, *Secretary.*

The conclusion of the report was that M. Pasteur had discovered a preventive method for rabies, similar to the method of vaccination against variola.

The second manifestation took place at the Mansion House, on July 1st, 1889, at a meeting called by the Lord Mayor, when resolutions were passed before a gathering of the most expert physicians and learned biologists of England, including, besides those named above, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Michael Foster, and Professor E. Ray Lankester.

Rabies is a far more common disease than is generally supposed and I may be allowed to give one demonstrative proof of this fact.

From January 1st to July 1st, 1889, during a period of six months therefore, England sent to the Institute fifty persons bitten by rabid dogs, that is, six or seven each month on an average. At that

time Englishmen so bitten paid their own travelling and hotel expenses in Paris. Since July 1st, a fund having been started by the Lord Mayor, according to the third resolution just mentioned, all Englishmen, however poor, bitten by rabid dogs have been able to proceed to Paris. Accordingly, during the months of July and August, that is in the months during which the cases of rabies are least numerous, thirty-nine English persons bitten by dogs proved to be rabid have been inoculated in the anti-rabic department of the Pasteur Institute. This large number of patients is not due to rabies having increased, but rather to the fact that the preventive treatment is now within reach of everybody in England.

In addition to the documents just mentioned, I must also call attention to the lecture delivered by Dr. Armand Ruffer at the meeting of the British Medical Association, at Leeds, on August 16th, 1889. The lecturer, after giving a full account of the results gained by the anti-rabic method, concluded his lecture by stating that this treatment had already been the means of saving over one thousand human lives—a statement which was greeted with the unanimous applause of the large and learned audience.

The NEW REVIEW being written for the man of the world, rather than for the student of science, I am obliged to leave out details which might be of interest. If any of my readers wish to have further information as to the advance lately made in the science of bacteriology, I advise them to read, in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, the *Croonian Lecture* on "Preventive Inoculations," which was read on May 23rd of this year by Dr. Roux, one of the directors of the Pasteur Institute. That lecture is remarkable not only on account of the accuracy of the knowledge shown in it, but also on account of its clear and precise language. It deserved the unanimous applause bestowed on it by the Council and the members of the illustrious Royal Society of England.

LOUIS PASTEUR.

IN THE OLD MUNIMENT ROOM OF WOLLATON HALL.

II

FROM the letters, of which some account was given in the previous article, it is evident that the bride was hot-tempered, and very naturally resented such letters as those of Lady Arundell to Sir Francis, in which (Lady Willoughby writes to Sir Matthew Arundell) she "represented her as a person fitter for Bridewell y^{n} to trouble any honest gentleman's House."

But there are kindly letters to her husband; for instance, one dated "y^{e} sixteenth year of Queen Elizabeth," when she was in London for medical advice. She thanks him for the venison he had sent her, which she thought "the best she ever eat," and says she has sent him "a Hat (w^{ch} she chose for him herself) w^{ch} is of y^{e} newest fashion, and she thinks a very good fashion for him, because it is not high crowned, so y^{t} when he rides a Hunting he may go under y^{e} Bushes and never pull it off."

There are letters from Sir Francis full of pity and compassion for his wife, vindicating her from evil rumours reported to him by Lady Arundell.

Unfortunately, Lady Willoughby fully proved the justice of her sister-in-law's judgment regarding her temper, for eight years later poor Sir Francis writes to tell his father-in-law how "to keep his wife in temper," he has all these years forborne having his only sister in his house, and when at last she did come to stay three or four nights, his wife went to stay at the vicarage, returning the following day to call her abominable names, swearing she would neither eat, drink, nor sleep till she was revenged of her.

"Sir Francis," says Cassandra, "seems to have been a man of

great piety and learning. There are in ye Library at Wollaton a great many very pious discourses writ by him, and several sermons wch he made for his own Chaplains to preach, and a collection of ye most learned books of his time. He appears to have been of a very mild, sweet disposition, and a lover of hospitality, but a little too apt to be imposed upon by stories from his servants, who made advantages to themselves by aggravating those unhappy differences between himself and his Lady, who seems to have been a Woman of Wit and Virtue, but of a Turbulent Spirit and ungovernable Passions, which made her say very provoking and vexatious things to Sir Francis." One of the letters refers to the mischief-makers around Sir Francis as "Catterpillars who do eat up the branches of his good name."

In looking over Sir Francis' account books, Cassandra is struck by the large sums set down for travelling charges, and observes:—

"Ye discontent wch was yn between him and his Lady I believe made every place uneasie to him, and she being sickly would often fancy ye air she was in was unholesome, and therefore still be desiring to change it from one house to another, for I find they were sometimes at Wollaton, sometimes at Middleton, sometimes at Kinsbury Hall, sometimes at Coventry, and sometimes at London, and besides these removes from one to another of their own houses, they were sometimes wth Sir John Lyttleton and other of their Friends, as appears by ye Account Book for Riding Charges."

Their domestic life seems to have become more and more unhappy, till finally, the family having removed to Sir Francis' house at Coventry, he went off to London, leaving his wife virtually a prisoner in the care of his servants, with whom he left written instructions to the effect:

"That Lady Willughby should have nothing to doe with the children, nor should she discharge or receive any servant, nor strike or evil entreat any servant." "That ye household be ordered by ye discretion of Dracot and Chudde. That Arthur Buckly do not suffer any horses to be employed at my wife's command. That she have no authority to command anything in the house except necessary diet for herself . . . she shall not send any servant of any message to any place." "That prayers be said at ten a Clock in ye morning and at five a Clock in ye evening. That ye Children be there present, and yt after Service is done, dinner and supper be presently brought up. That the Children doe goe to Bed straight after eight a Clock at night, and are made ready before eight a Clock in the morning. And after it is

nine a Clock at night, no body must be in y^e^ great Chamber, but y^t^ y^e^ Fire must be raked up, and y^e^ Door locked. That y^e^ Servants be not gadding into y^e^ town, but give their attendance at dinner and supper and all other times."

Sir Francis strictly forbade his wife to go into the City of Coventry, "to make such an uproar as she had done before at Kinsbury." Nevertheless, he gave orders to the Mayor and Aldermen of the City that, if she did not like to continue in his house, they must provide another for her. The poor lady very soon had occasion to claim this provision, as appears from her letter to her lord telling how, after he was gone, the servants did deal with her so cruelly that she was not able to bear it.

"Fearing that both herself and the Child she went with must have been lost—such was her grief—she went out of the house to meet her brother and some other kinsfolk, to confer with them what course she had best take, minding to have returned home immediately after, but the servants refused her entrance, which forced her to go to a House which the Mayor and Aldermen had provided for her, in which house she now was, in want of all necessaries, having no apparel but what was upon her back, nor any money to bear her charges."

After the birth of her child she writes praying that he will give his blessing to his son, and subscribing herself his "Obedient wife." Then follow many letters in which she craves forgiveness for her unhandsome speeches and disrespectful carriage to him, but reminds him that these are the only faults with which he can charge her—that she has been his wife sixteen years, and has borne him twelve children. She reminds him how many false stories he has given credit to, and would he but look into his own actions as closely as he examines hers, she doubts not he would find himself blameworthy. (Indeed, it is evident that he must have been very aggravating before the poor lady was driven to say that she would not "with her good will tarry any longer with him who kept her but as a Fool to jest and flout at.") Once more, for the fourth time, she offers him her humble submission, which she professes was first sealed with her heart, before it was signed with her hand.

Lady Arundell, as usual, contrived to keep open the sore, by writing to her brother that her gossips give out that his wife "will use all

the means she can to come to his presence, and use speeches of great submission, although she means not to perform them. And that ye Mayor and Cittyzens of Coventry have promised her so diligently to solicit ye matter yt there is no heart so hard as not to be moved to pity, much less his, whose natural disposition is to be courteous."

She puts him in mind of taking a house against he comes to London, and tells him there is one to be had in "White Freers, which stands near ye Temple, of which ye half year's Rent will be six pounds." She applauds his intention of bringing his children to London, and to ensure their coming she says she has sent her geldings for his coach, adding that if he will go forward with his determination "it will make his wives stout stomach to yeild, and he will find many friends to take his part."

While Lady Arundell was thus fomenting discord, the poor wife writes:

"That it is now two years since she has been banished her lord's company and forbid his house, in which time she has suffered great travell of body and trouble of mind, wandering from place to place, depending wholly for relief upon borrowing of friends; she trusts that God will redress her wrongs and revenge her cause upon their heads who first blew this Fire of Discord between them, wch flames she has many times essayed to quench by personal submission, and divers humble letters, and now once more she offers her humble submission beseeching him to accept of it, and not only to receive her into his fellowship, but freely to forget and forgive her all her former faults, as she willingly treads under her feet all ye injuries that have been done her."

These humble letters having failed to bring about any reconciliation, Sir John Lyttleton next wrote on behalf of his daughter, desiring that Sir Francis would provide suitably for her maintenance and that of her young son. He writes that he thinks she cannot have less than a gentlewoman to attend her, a nurse for her young son, "a maid to help ye nurse and to be laundress to them all, a boy needful about ye nurse and to make his Lady's fires, and a serving man to wait upon his Lady." And for their tabling he trusts Sir Francis will allow for his wife sixteenpence a day, and for each of the servants eightpence a day, and for wages he thinks he can't give less than "fifty three shillings and fourpence a year to the woman, nurse, and man, and to ye laundress and boy twenty six shillings and eight pence a piece." He thinks it will also be needful for her to have a couple of

geldings to use when she shall have occasion to ride, and he leaves it to Sir Francis to name what he will allow for "Apparel" for his wife and little son.

This letter, which is dated A.D. 1579, seems to have had no result, for in the following year Henry Trussell writes, giving Sir Francis an account of the death of his little son, which occasioned great grief to all about him, but especially to the comfortless lady, his mother, who has been sick ever since. He prays Sir Francis to be reconciled to his lady, and desires that both may forget what has past and be inspired with perfect love for the future.

After the death of this her only son, poor Lady Willughby wrote once more to her lord to say that she feared if a reconciliation could not soon be made she should be past child-bearing, and that, though now she could not expect it without hazarding her life, yet she would contentedly run that hazard with the hopes to establish the House of the Willughbys.

Apparently Lady Arundell's malign influence continued to prevail, for the only notice we find of the death of the little son is that Sir Francis immediately arranged a marriage between his eldest daughter Bridgit and Percival Willoughby, of Boreplace, in Kent, one of the Willoughby d'Eresby family. (I observe that though ancient spelling of names is always subject to variation and we sometimes find Willoughbie and Willoughby in the same page, Cassandra reserves the letter o in Willoughby to distinguish this branch of the family. This is the more necessary as, after Percival's knighthood, Bridgit and her mother bore the same title.)

To avoid the possibility of his wife coming to London to see her daughter, Sir Francis arranged that the wedding should be at Boreplace, whither the bridal train was escorted by a trumpeter who received a tip of 6s. 8d. The other servants at Boreplace received tips ranging from 10s. to the cook to 1s. to the stable helper.

Young Percy's letters to his betrothed are very pretty reading, but they soon turn to sorrow because of her coldness. On the whole, however, they seem to have been almost the only tolerably loving couple of all those whose lives are thus revealed to us. They stood loyally by one another through the manifold troubles stirred up for them, first by the plots of those same wicked servants who had so

successfully embittered Sir Francis against his wife, and who now determined to make it impossible for the young couple to live with him.

The machinations of these evil men, Blyth, Marmion, Cludd, Markham, and Fisher, are so plainly revealed in the letters that the reader cannot but wonder that Sir Francis should have been so successfully deceived by them. Robert Payne, one of these so-called "servants" (some of whom were probably younger sons of county families), hatched a villainous plot against Sir Francis himself, to make him suspected by the Queen and "ye Lords of her Privie Counsel" by showing how he had plotted with several "Priests" to aid and assist the Spaniards in their intended "Invasion," and how he had hindered the firing of "Beacons" to give the people notice of their danger, and how he had endeavoured to get Payne murdered to prevent his revealing all this story.

How Sir Francis cleared himself from these accusations does not appear, but, as regards his wife's last appeal, it must be inferred that he declined to make any suitable provision for her, for we next learn that the unhappy lady was driven to appeal to Queen Elizabeth, whom in happier days she had entertained at Wollaton. To the great grief of Sir Francis and disgust of Lady Arundell, the Queen desired that her cause should be heard by the Earl of Leicester and Sir Francis Walsingham and reported to her. Amongst many letters from Lady Arundell on this subject, there is one to persuade her brother "to draw up a catalogue of his wife's faults" (which she then enumerates) and to send it to "ye Secretary Walsingham and ye Earl of Leicester, to prevent their interceding with ye Queen in her behalf." Her machinations, however, failed, as appears from a writing dated A.D. 1582, proving that Sir Francis was obliged by the Queen to allow his wife £200 a year for separate maintenance.

Lady Willughby, however, continued to make overtures of reconciliation to Sir Francis, and finally prevailed, for we find her reinstated in his favour and ruling her family with a severity which must have made them wish her back in exile. From all the letters it is evident that the lives of these ladies must have been miserable. Dorothy, the second daughter, married Mr. Hastings, who treated her brutally. Winifred ran away from home to escape from her

mother's cruelty, and married Edward Willoughby, who, having unfortunately stood surety for others, was committed for their debts to Warwick Gaol, where he endured long imprisonment, which shattered his health. Most pitiful letters from poor Winifred plead for his release, offering to sell even the bed she lies on, if only he may be set free to return to her and his children. It does not appear whether her father and mother ever consented to see her again, but her sister Bridgit helped her to the best of her power.

Frances, the youngest daughter, seems to have been a sneak, and, in order to win favour with her mother, "did help to aggravate those unhappy disputes which were in ye family. But that course did not long keep her mother from using her with as much severity as ye rest of her daughters." So Frances likewise ran away from home, and married Mountague Wood, of Lamley, who "was a very ill man, and a very ill husband to her. In his Barbarity he turned her out of doors, beat her, and made her suffer ye want of ye necessaries of life."

Abigail alone remained under the paternal roof, and perhaps we need scarcely wonder that, when in 1594 her mother died, Abigail wrote to her sister Bridgit desiring that she would "joyn with her to thank God for their happy deliverance from all their troubles, and pray God to send them a happy meeting at Wollaton."

This cross-grained lady seems even to have estranged Bridgit, though Sir Percy was taken back to favour, as there is a letter from him, dated A.D. 1594, to give his wife notice that her mother was very sick, and to desire she would send her some of her preserved "Barberries" and some "Cherries," and to send his "dogg, because they wanted a dog to kill Partridges for Lady Willughby," and with this there is the copy of a very affectionate letter which he desired she would write to her mother.

How sad and strange it does seem, after the lapse of three centuries, to be reading the record of all these petty wrangles and recriminations, with a fair seasoning of downright villainy, and so much genuine misery.

There certainly is not much of the namby-pamby, bread-and-butter style in any of these letters, frequently very much the reverse, as in the following note from Lady Willughby to Alderman Catcher, of the City of London, who had rashly presumed to intercede for Sir

Percivall at a time when she had quarrelled with him, shortly after her reconciliation with her husband. She writes :—

"You causelessly condemn me of unkindness to Percivall Willoughby. I will forbear to repeat his unfriendly behaviours because I will not disclose his faults to a Babling Fool. Expecting no better y^{n} y^{e} worst you can practice, I stay my own trouble, and stay you your Tongue, for al-be-it I am Fatherless, I am not Husbandless nor Friendless, But

"A despiser of vain Fools,

"ELIZ. WILLUGHBY."

Here and there we come on some quaint glimpse of old-world notions: for instance, in one of poor Dorothy Hastings' pitiful letters, telling that she is now become lame and her eyesight is failing by reason of her misery, and how her husband threatens to lock her up and use her like a dog, and that she greatly fears he means to poison her; she also tells of a fright she had from the house catching fire, and asks her sister to tell her of some remedy for trembling of the heart. To which Sir Percy replies, "To garter your hose below knee, for the gartering above is not good for them which have y^{e} Panting of y^{e} Heart."

One noteworthy detail is that on the top of all Dorothy's melancholy letters, and on many others, "there is writ either JESUS or else EMANUELL, which," says Cassandra, "was, I believe, an Ancient Custome in writing letters."

The only papers relating to Queen Elizabeth's visit to the old house of Wollaton are a letter from Sir Francis Knolls, giving notice of her coming, and one from George Willughby to say that he had conferred with several of the "Country Gentlemen" in what manner they intended to meet the Queen, and learns that their servants need only to have plain livery coats, but he thinks it is necessary that Sir Francis shall in no wise have less than "Fifty" servants, as well because heretofore he had not showed himself to the Queen, as also that his estate was very well known, both to her Majesty and the whole Council, to be nothing inferior to the best.

Sir F. Knolls' letter is as follows :—

"Her Majesty is determined to tary two days at y^{r} House, that is to say, to-morrow night and Thursday all day, whereof I thought good to advertise you betimes. Wherefore I think it best for you not to defray her Majesty,

but rather y^t^ you should give her some good present of Beefs and Muttons, and to keep a good Table y^r^ self in some place, if you have any convenient Room for it, two messe of meat. But do herein as you shall think fit, but you had need to consider how y^r^ provision of Drink, &c., may hold out

"This Tuesday, y^e^ 20th of July, 1575.

"Y^r^ Loving Friend,

"F. KNOLLS."

The household regulations to be at all times observed by the servants at Wollaton are exceedingly curious. First of all, the Usher is ordered to see "y^t^ y^e^ Hall be swept clean, and that no Doggs come there at all"; and that only persons of the better sort are entertained there. If of the meaner sort they are to be attended to and promptly despatched, "provided always y^t^ no stranger be suffered to pass without offering him to drink, and that no Rascall or unseemly person be suffered to tarry there." When "meat is ready to be served, he is with a loud voice to command all Gentlemen and Yeomen to repair to the dresser: At y^e^ neither end of y^e^ Hall he is to meet y^e^ service, saying with a loud voice, 'Give place my Masters,' albeit no man be in y^e^ way, and so to goe before y^e^ same service untill he come to y^e^ upper end of t' Hall, carrying a little fine Rod in his hand, which at other times he is to carry in his bosom, whereby he is to be known of all strangers to be y^e^ Usher. In y^e^ winter time he is to appoint a yeoman to carry y^e^ torch before service in y^e^ night-time."

When the dining chamber has been served, the Usher is to assign places at the hall table to guests' retainers, "all Noblemen and Gentlemen according to every of their Master's degrees." If there be a great press of strangers, "three or four of y^e^ meanest sort of servants, as y^e^ Slaughterman, y^e^ Carter, or some of y^e^ best of y^e^ Grooms of y^e^ Stable, are to be appointed to attend in t' Hall."

During meals the Usher is to walk up and down the hall, but is not in any wise to do any service himself, otherwise than diligently to look to the "Tables" and direct the attendants. And if any great noise shall be, he shall command all men to keep silence, saying with a loud voice, "Speak softly, my Masters."

After all these have in their turn dined and supped, the Usher is to see that the remainder of the meat "be put into y^e^ Almes Table, which is always by him to be kept safely locked, to be distributed

among ye poor, such days as shall be appointed." The "Broken Beer" is also to be "kept safe in sweet clean vessells for the Poor."

The "Butler" is to see that his "Buttery" be kept sweet and clean and that his "Jacks" appointed for the Hall be kept from "furring and unsweet savour," and he is to make sure every day to have clean water to wash his plate and cups, "for the most part twice a day." Care is to be taken that "there may be no filching of bread or beer, nor yet any want where reason doth require."

The scale of wages in those days, even allowing for the relative value of money, does not seem to have been high. There is a list dated A.D. 1572, of six women and forty men whose wages for one quarter amounted to £25 13s. 0d., ranging from £1 13s. 4d. paid to Henry Willoughby down to 3s. 4d. "to ye boy in ye kitchen." The "musitioners'" wages for one quarter came to £5 extra, but it does not appear how many persons were included. (The selection of musicians was apparently entrusted to Lady Arundell, who writes that she has not yet found anyone able to play and sing, but hopes to do so in London. Sir Francis seems to have tried music himself, for we find a letter to a friend in London requesting him to find suitable treble lutes, and another from his son-in-law asking him to return a lute with thirteen strings.)

From such careful regulation of household expenditure we might expect to find equal prudence in the estate management, but never was the old adage of penny wise and pound foolish more strikingly illustrated than in the present instance. First, Sir Francis undertook costly work in making the river Trent navigable; then in A.D. 1580 he commenced building the present house of Wollaton, about half a mile from the old house in which he had entertained Queen Elizabeth. Of this great undertaking Cassandra says: "Ye Master workmen wch Built ye House he sent for out of Italy, as also most of ye Stone Figures wch adorn ye House. All ye Stone wch it is Built with was brought from Ancaster in Lincolnshire by ye People who dwelt there, and who exchanged their Stone with Sir Francis for his Cole wch they carried back from Wollaton"—a distance of thirty miles. Both stone and coal were carried on the backs of mules and donkeys, long trains of patient toilers ceaselessly travelling to and fro between the quarries and the mines, suggesting a curious picture of mediæval building.

Sir Francis selected as his architect John Thorpe, styled "Of Padua," whence he imported many skilled workmen. He certainly spared no expense, for, "notwithstanding ye Stone and its carriage Cost nothing but ye return of Cole wch Sir Francis made for it, and that at that time Labourer's Wages was very small, yet it appears by a very particular account that ye Building of that House cost Sir Francis four-score thousand Pounds."

This, according to the value of money in those days, represents an immense sum, and, long before the conclusion of the eight years over which the building extended, we find Sir Francis borrowing money on all hands, and mortgaging his estates for the same. Many papers prove that there was at that time a great scarcity of money in England, and a letter dated 1588 says: "Money grows every day scantier, and those yt have money stick not to ask Twenty in ye Hundred for it, and such are men's wants that rather than they will goe without it, they daily give it."

It appears that Bridgit was at this time living in Sir Francis' house of Middleton which he had assigned to her after the birth of her first-born son. After much wavering as to what settlement he would make of his estates of Wollaton, Cossall, Trowell, Middleton, and Kinsbury, he finally settled them on Bridgit and Sir Percival. Almost immediately after his wife's death, however, Sir Francis, having again taken offence at the young couple, wrote desiring Sir Percival to bring these legal documents to him, at his house of Lincoln's Inn Grange in London.

Sir Percival seems to have feared to entrust these securities to his father-in-law, who at once returned to Wollaton and summoned him to meet him there. Their interview was so unsatisfactory that on the morrow Sir Percival, dreading further angry words, left the house without again seeing Sir Francis, whose wrath was thereby aroused to such a pitch that he then and there despatched Russell, his steward, to London, to find him a young wife, in the hope that he might yet obtain a male heir.

The lady selected was Dorothy, "ye widow of John Tamworth, a lady who had been called in question for her honesty, and was separated from her husband." Within a month, in August, A.D. 1595, she married Sir Francis, and, being a very clever woman, "took so

great care to please him that she soon gained an absolute power over him," and thenceforth his whole care was to alienate everything he possibly could from his estates, that he might make the largest possible settlements on her. To this end a large part of his land was leased for three lives, and timber was cut wholesale, and so recklessly that a friendly neighbour at Nottingham deemed it his duty to write to Sir Francis (then in lodgings in Smithfield) to tell him that his servants at Wollaton were selling his wood at such a rate as if they gave one-half to have the other half fetched away; and that he was betrayed by those whom he most trusted.

Sir Francis now ordered his daughter Bridgit at once to vacate Middleton, and notwithstanding that she was near her confinement sent "a troop" to take possession of the house in Sir Percy's absence. On her servants resisting, the invaders contented themselves with breaking down a wall and two doors, and then went off to the town.

Happily for his family, Sir Francis did not long survive his second marriage. It was suspected that his lady had given him poison. Whether this was the case or not, he died in November, 1596, and on his death-bed sent for Sir Percival, who wrote to tell Bridgit that "her Father's case was lamentable; that he had been ill a fortnight and shut up from all his friends; that y^e^ Whore and her Minion had stript him both of Goods and Land, and left him nothing where he lay but what hung upon his back, and that he now sits Haling for Life and Breath."

After his death, the wife being with child, it was thought probable that she might endeavour to impose an heir on the family. Sir Percival, therefore, obtained of the Queen a troop of Guards to watch and search everybody that came to the house in which she was living. The wisdom of these precautions was proven by the fact that a woman brought to the house by Lady Willughby did give birth to a son, which might very easily have been exchanged for her own infant daughter. Happily any such conspiracy was rendered impossible, and the baby girl died very soon after the Queen had appointed Sir Percival guardian of her lands (the inference being that her own mother did not want her!).

From so unpleasant a chapter in family history, it is pleasant to turn to the too brief career of Cassandra's own father. In 1635 we

come to the birth of Sir Percival's grandson, another Francis, the celebrated Natural Philosopher, to whom in fact is due most of the credit generally assigned to his intimate friend, Mr. Ray. "He was the first naturalist who treated the study of birds as a science, and the first who made anything like a rational classification." So says Neville Wood, while Swainson avers: "So far as concerns systematic zoology all the honour that has been given to Ray belongs exclusively to Willughby." And Dr. Derham, in his *Life of Ray*, says that "forasmuch as Mr. Willughby's genius lay chiefly to animals, therefore *he* undertook the *birds*, *beasts*, *fishes*, and *insects*, as Mr. Ray did the vegetables." This he says, quoting Mr. Ray's own statement.

But these are matters already known to students of natural history, and we would fain discover something altogether forgotten. What is this great bundle of papers concerning a settlement in Newfoundland in the time of James I.? (Doubtless one of the sons of the house must have been a naughty boy, for he writes thence to his parents promising to do better!) And what is this deed creating Sir F. Willughby a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem at Jerusalem, early in the sixteenth century? And here's a book promising to the owner of Wollaton deeds of Offa and Canulphus, the Mercian Kings.

These deeds may have belonged to the Warwickshire properties, held in direct descent from Marmion, the Conqueror's friend, through Mose de Freville, who contested the championship of England with the Dymocks.

Here is a tiny treasure, a receipt from Queen Phillippa, of Hainault, for jewels held in charge by her lady, Ida le Strange, in old French, very faint, but beautifully written! And tied up with it a long letter, docketted "Abuse of ye Scots" (and pretty severe it is), from a gentleman writing from "Edenbor-rowe" (the first word looks like Hooly rood), June 20th, 1617.

On the floor we step across a thick paper book marked "Booke of Recepts and pay^ts^ in time of Phillippi Regis secundo et Reginæ Marie," &c., into which we fain would dip, but it is sealed to us by the characters in which it is written.

Long parchments, in most crabbed characters, purport to be

estate accounts in Dorsetshire of the time of Henry IV., and those big bundles are apparently accounts of the coal (coles) sold in various reigns. There on the window-sill lie several little papers where they were left to dry. On one is written: "Diion in Burgundia, ye General of ye Cistercians, at ye intercession of ye Abbot of Fountains Abbey in Yorks, near Rippon, grants to Sir Henry Willoughby all ye privileges of their order. 2. 15. H. 7." (which being interpreted is the 2nd month of the 15th year of Henry VII.). Here are some small deeds, with the grand de Marmion seal appended thereto; while a still more magnificent one is that of the Prior of Lenton. An ancient bit of printing, headed with a quaint engraving of the Crucifixion, is apparently some priestly pardon.

Treasure upon treasure! Who can guess what we may yet discover? Perhaps we shall find letters from the Governor of Dublin Castle on the Irish question in his day! His brother-in-law, Ridgeway, Earl of Londonderry, lies beside him and his wife, the Lady Cassandra, in the Warwickshire Church, near the old seat; while papers of that family certainly exist, and may possibly still be found in the Muniment Room.

Would that we had time and knowledge to search; for, in truth, we have a hankering after musty parchment and black letter. Would that we could read that and Latin, and could find leisure to penetrate into the life and living of long ago!

E. M. MIDDLETON.
C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

HOW I DIRECTED A LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

HISTORY tells us that in the victories which are milestones in the brilliant lives of our greatest generals there were moments of anxious suspense when fickle Fortune seemed inclined to be mischievous. I suppose that, a danger averted, humble individuals ought to feel rather gratified than otherwise at being permitted to share—in a miniature sort of way—the agonised spasms of heroes.

The rash wight who would aspire to the invention of a new style of pageant wherewith to raise the time-honoured Lord Mayor's Show from the mud of ridicule into which it has gradually been sinking for some years past must be a brave individual, endowed with courage and endurance worthy of some ancient paladin. When it was proposed to me to undertake the task in this year of grâce, I innocently thought that it would prove an amusing piece of work, differing pleasantly from ordinary stage routine ; a species of equestrian pantomime of a quasi-serious kind, rendered interesting by historic accuracy, embellished with archæological detail. In some ways it did indeed resemble the entertainment sacred to Christmas, for it began darkly in the cave of the demon Precedent—the murky haunt of the wicked fairy Commonplace—where Novelty had to perform miracles of prowess for the exorcising of mouldy evil spirits and the upsetting of Fee-fo-fum. When one talked with deep respect to City Fathers of doing away with certain threadbare details of a ponderous and unpicturesque character, one was invariably met by the scandalised reply : "Oh ! But that's always done !" If it was suggested that a flock of not very pretty little boys in sailor jackets might be dispensed with, the answer was : "Impossible ! There would be gnashing of teeth on board the

Warspite." If one pleaded that the waggling of a long array of mysterious liverymen's banners might pall, that a string of flies and ired clarences might offend, as being somewhat too familiar to the eye, an outcry of indignant protest was raised at that which would certainly be looked on as an insult to the magnates of London City.

No! The hand of the Iconoclast must be restrained; the new broom must not sweep too wildly. I might and must introduce new features, but must respect custom. The magnates must and would exhibit themselves as heretofore in furry dressing-gowns and tall hats to an admiring public. They would not put themselves to more expense than necessary; absolutely declined to hire for the occasion decent equipages—handsome carriages and well bred horses. For years they had rumbled along, to their own complete satisfaction, in seedy broughams and decrepit shandrydans. If I made any more impertinent remarks upon the subject they would come in cabs—outrage my feelings with Rosinante steeds, rusty old hansoms, and fearsome "growlers."

Evidently it would not do to lunge with irreverent blade at civic privilege, however stupid and absurd. The clarences must be swallowed and also the mysterious banners. As we gulp down our pill and take something nice directly after, so must we place the disagreeable element of the procession well in front, to be got over and forgotten as speedily as might be.

In the first place, for the proper carrying out of the new and historic portion of the Show, it was necessary to procure the services of men and women for the wearing of garments, and horses for them to ride upon. The latter question was easily disposed of. From the first I set my face against the introduction of the circus element. There were to be no wobbling tawdry chariots or ambling piebald animals redolent of the tan of the arena. With that member of the Fee-fo-fum family I could and would do battle. Was I not able to secure from the extensive stables of the well-known Messrs. Tilling an unlimited supply of horses of the best class? No matter if they were unaccustomed to the blare of trumpets and the din of yelling crowds. A little careful rehearsing would be needed. Provided that the riders could ride, a little prancing and restive curvet-

ting would give a movement and a spirit to the spectacle which are always missing in a circus parade. I have often wondered why a hippodrome procession is so ridiculous, and came to the conclusion long ago that it was because of the tameness of the quadrupeds. A circus horse always wears a covert sneer upon his face. He is full of pity for the folly of the spectators. His speaking countenance says as clearly as possible, "I am a much more noble and sensible member of creation than you who take a foolish delight in all this frivolity. I do what I am compelled to do because I cannot help it, but all the while you enjoy to the full my most complete contempt." Our horses might object, perhaps, to the bands and the mob, and signify the same by kicking. They might be frightened or angry, but they should not assume that sneer. Given the best form of Pegasus whereon to soar above the commonplace, it was obvious that the most fitting riders for the horses were their own particular stable boys, who knew their ways. And here arose a difficulty which required dexterous management. The outward mien as well as the costume of historical characters must be exactly copied. The men must be shuffled and sorted. The horse might be the desirable horse for the great Duke of Marlborough, but what if his trusted guardian turned out to be a shrivelled little old man with a red nose and immense moustache? Lord Chatham, as we all know, was gaunt and tall. What if his destined representative were dumpy and obese? A vast amount of chopping and changing was needed before this intricate matter was set right, and it is only fair to the men selected to admit that their conduct throughout was admirably steady; that they never gave a moment's trouble.

To get on without stage supers was soon found to be impossible though I tried hard to do so. I applied to the authorities of the Horse Guards for permission to employ soldiers—I always engage Tommy Atkins in a theatre when I can, as he is civil, cleanly, and well-disciplined—and was told I might have "a few." But I wanted my men in hundreds, not in tens. Then I sent to the railway stations to capture, if might be, a contingent of sturdy porters. Everybody was most polite. I might have the use of the night porters if they chose to be enrolled, but it behoved me to bear in mind that men who have been hard-worked all night do not look too blooming in

the morning. And they would be expected to march five miles, some of them bearing heavy weights. What a sleepy procession it would be! Some would go to sleep standing, like the Pickwick fat boy; some would perforce fall out; all would be heavy-footed. There was nothing for it, then, but to fall back on the stage super, and to trust for a satisfactory *dénouement* to the luck that should assist the brave.

Rumour began to whisper hints about the town of what was going forward, and straightway my monastic retreat became a general rendezvous for the strangest human medley. Gentlemen in shabby-genteel attire sent in grimy cards and affably announced that they would stage-manage. "Thank you," I replied, with freezing politeness, "but, as it happens, I am a stage-manager myself." Then, unrebuffed, they would even condescend to the less important *rôle* of super-master, and beat up a battalion of employés—a picked set of perfect angels. "Much obliged," I answered, "but the post is filled already." Then perhaps I would kindly assist a gentleman temporarily in low water with a trifling loan. On Saturday fortnight it should be punctually repaid. Without ceremony, the shabby-genteel ones were hustled into the street, where they might be seen to hover, glaring.

Then there were "beauty men," who came in shoals and arched their backs upon my doorstep, and stood in fascinating attitudes, to the admiration of the housemaids opposite. Since the last adjacent fire, when stalwart firemen received arch glances from the fair, there had not been such a flutter in the dovecotes—such heavings of female bosoms. No doubt my neighbours wished me every ill for so distracting the minds of their servant-girls, to the detriment of decorous households. Of an evening I came quite to dread a return to my Penates, for in every room were sure to be sitting men and women, solemn and still like waxworks, who stubbornly refused to go. Heavens! It was worse than "writs" or "men in possession," or even the barefaced extortions of the Income-tax! Waving away a murmur that there was no vacancy, one gentleman declared, with a conviction which was above argument, that I *must* accept his services for the absurdly low wage of 15s., since armour or drapery was all the same to him. Of course I must, for had he

not sat as a model at the Royal Academy for forty years at least? One gentleman trusted for engagement to a particularly fine nose of faultless aquiline; another to a noble beard. "This beard is exactly like Lord Mayor Sir John Gresham's," he averred. "I know it is, because I've seen his portrait."

Yes, my modest home was become a Pandemonium, and my shreds of character were torn one by one away. Maidens with very yellow hair invaded the premises at abnormal hours. The quarry was discovered, and the hounds followed in full cry.

The ladies of the ballet scented in the air *a job*, and, hammering incessantly with my knocker, insisted on admittance to my sanctum. When I went home, after a long day's work, wearied and jaded, I was stiffly told by my outraged housekeeper that there were "three of them gals" in the front room; half a dozen in the drawing-room; ever so many more in the dining-room. My cherished apartments had of a sudden assumed the semblance of a fashionable doctor's. "Patients to right of him, patients to left of him, volleyed and thundered." From my hitherto devoted housekeeper, a staid lady of years, I could obtain no sympathy. She disapproved of such goings on, and doubtless wondered what would be the next move on my slippery and downward path. "Whatever I'm to do with any more I don't know," she grimly remarked. "It wouldn't be proper to show 'em to a bedroom, and I won't have any sich 'uzzies in my kitchen!"

I tried to laugh it off—a dismal failure. "Safety in numbers, you know," I observed smiling. There was no smile in response. With a sniff the angry lady departed and closed the door with a bang. The situation was growing untenable. Refuge must be sought at an hotel. Where could I snatch a frugal meal? Not even on the stairs. Where find a tranquil corner wherein to rest and meditate? The sirens, as they grew more at home, became aggressive. Though dinner was obviously growing cold they declined to budge. By hook or crook—willy-nilly—they were determined to "get a job," knowing full well that when lovely woman makes up her mind she is bound to have her way. I craftily hinted that the day might be wet and foggy; that probably it would snow or hail; that the garments provided were curiously thin; that the darlings

would catch cold. Not a bit of it. Some scoffed at the paltry abject artifice; some grew defiant; some murmured of hard times and a bed-ridden parent; others muttered mystic things anent flannel petticoats and lung-protectors. One particularly ill-favoured damsel flashed a seductive glance from under lowered lids. She would speak with me apart, she said. She had been told by a little bird, she whispered coyly, that I wanted a Queen of Beauty for the tournament-car. Well? Good gracious! What could she mean? Stammering that the part was filled, she sighed in answer softly, "Then I'll go back to mother and my sewing machine *if you'll give me half a crown!*" Tableau! The manner of the would-be Beauty changed to one of menace. "I've walked all the way from Stoke Newington about your stupid Show, and under half a crown I don't step it, that's flat."

Oh, the Queen of Beauty! How variously uncouth were the candidates! Middle-aged ladies, raddled with the stage-paint of half a century; simpering, sallow, undergrown creatures—stunted flowers that had struggled upward in some noisome slum. A few had good features but no complexions; others fresh skins spread over faces as flat and meaningless as a warming-pan. Eventually a shy maiden turned up, with many blushes and much embarrassment, who said she was a suburban tailoress and would like to figure in the Show. Dark eyes, fairly regular features, and a colour like dew-dipped roses. "My dear! you'll do, and you shall have your way. You shall be measured for a wig forthwith and pose as the Queen of Beauty." She really did look like an artless maiden—there are a few such, it would seem, in the outlying wilds of the Metropolis. Tears welled into her eyes, and she said slowly: "Oh! won't mother be proud and pleased!" In surburban streets, as at the Empire or the Alhambra, and the Aquarium, they are all blessed with mothers, it appears.

The eligible lady found, fresh difficulties arose. What jealousies and heartburnings welled black from female hearts! The girl had to sit on a lofty throne, with, on each side, a maid of honour on a *tabouret*. These maids, at rehearsal, shot vengeful gleams out of angry eyes, and I trembled for the safety of the Queen. Would they stick pins into her seat, or, seizing a propitious moment, when

the car was wobbling downhill, dash her from her seat, to lie crushed and bleeding under the wheels? Was this pretty girl to be a victim to a civic Juggernaut? I warned her of the perils of greatness and said something neat and appropriate about the uneasiness of heads that wear crowns. The young lady waxed mighty scornful. With a superb head-toss, and a curl of her full lip, she uttered, "Pooh! Do you think I could not *bash* the lot?" I breathed again. My Queen of Beauty was every inch a queen, prepared to hold her own against all comers—as resolute as Bess herself.

And then the fair *equestriennes*, who were wanted for the ride. Sad, battered, wrinkled women, worn and shattered in life's struggle, who implored so piteously for work that one felt with a pang how empty was their larder. Poor souls! One lady applied who, many years ago, was a celebrity—the toast of the town; who, when she flew lightly from trapeze to trapeze, was followed by the enraptured gaze of golden youth. She was gratified at being remembered after so many years, and told me that now she earned a precarious living at small circuses by performing with dogs and monkeys. But, alas! her best monkey had recently been slain through an accident, and she had not money to buy another. "It would cost me £3. Oh, sir, be generous. Without a trained monkey it will not be possible to live!" How dreadfully, how drearily comic! When my large-hearted housekeeper heard the cruel tale she wept and would fain have had me engage, out of Christian charity, all the most venerable, the most raddled and most wrinkled. What did the Show signify, or the comeliness of the wearers of my clothes? These poor things, she urged, were starving. Bother your Show! Let these battered ones earn some bread.

The most difficult and burning question of "the ladies" being at last satisfactorily disposed of, uprose that of dresses and accessories. My neighbours began to think that I must be more mad than immoral, for lo! a horse, wearing a long white calico nightgown that reached his feet, was to be seen parading up and down while I stood critically by. For what possible object unconnected with Hanwell should a horse be led up and down clad in white calico? Not being archæologically inclined, they were unaware that mediæval knights adorned their steeds with flowing

housings, embroidered with coats of arms. Now the correctly formed manufacture of such adornments is by no means an easy matter, and it was clear that the exact shape and dimensions of the housing must be ascertained before cutting into expensive material. In order to get it to fit neatly over the saddle, and give it sufficient amplitude to hang gracefully without impeding the movements of its wearer, required much consideration. Hence the parading of the ghostly quadruped at various paces with its nightgown fluttering in the wind, to the appreciative joy of the gutter-snipes.

There was a lull while the various workers carried out allotted tasks. For a brief space we were tranquil; then a new horror raised its head. My door-knocker, nearly battered out of shape by muscular woman, became the weapon of offence of the still more doughty fist of man. Troops of journalists "wanted to know, you know." Numberless artists connected with picture papers arrived with sketch-books to draw the details of the procession. When I airily remarked that drawings there were none, except some roughly scrawled designs of dresses and accessories for the behoof of tailors and property men, they gazed on me furtively and darkly. I was evidently descended from Ananias. I could read their suspicions on their faces. "There must be drawings. He is playing dark, won't tell me anything; is keeping back his ideas for the benefit of some other paper—but he shall not escape so easily."

Some of them, with gibing action, held forth their sketch-books mockingly. "Then draw us something now that can be used. Dot down a notion or two of the cars and groups; for pictures of the Show we will have, and can't go to the office without them." Mercy on us! What a prospect! My work, well nigh complete, was I to be held down until I had filled their yawning sketch-books? There is a moment when the modest worm will turn. The moment had arrived, and I turned. Dismissing the most importunate gentleman with a vague promise for the morrow, I packed my portmanteau and prepared to be off into hiding.

And yet, what good would come of flight? How keep concealed, and where? Was I not compelled to keep a watchful eye on all my people: to go daily rounds to bootmakers, hatmakers, wigmakers, tailors? Was I not obliged to be in constant communication

with the stableyards of Peckham, as with the *ateliers* where the mimic trees, thrones, harps, lances, paraphernalia of all sorts and kinds, were growing into existence? At a given hour I was expected at the Farringdon Street Fish Market, which was to serve as dressing-room, property-room, and rallying place. There were ever so many details to be seen to there. The dressing-rooms had to be apportioned. The numbers to which the host of men and women answered had to be inscribed over their dressing-places; tables, chairs, mirrors, towels, were to be evolved from somewhere, for the new market is at present but a large covered yard, with bare little rooms around, all empty. For those bent upon the hunt it was easy to find the fox. The gentlemen and ladies armed with note-books and pencils had but to lounge for a little. The quarry was sure to pop his nose above the covert by-and-bye, and then the hunters were certain of their prey. There was no chance of evading the interviewer. There was nothing for it but to grin and bear him.

At last the dreadful morning came on which we were to "score" or become the laughing-stock of London. Anxieties were not lessened by the knowledge that trains were pouring country crowds into the Metropolis, and that the streets would be crammed as they were on the occasion of the Jubilee. Every kind of possible difficulty had been conjured up in imagination in order that it might be met unflinchingly. Would the super-master get drunk and be absent? Would the terrible thing called "super" become hopelessly fractious and create a riot? Would the Queen of Beauty be taken ill with jaundice, or Queen Elizabeth have a fit? Would it rain, or snow, or blow, or would our shortcomings be concealed by fog?

In fear and trembling, and dreading I knew not what, I reached the trysting place soon after daylight upon the awful day. The glass was steady; the weather was less gloomy than usual. The super-master stood at the gate jubilant, counting his men as they arrived. Absolutely, things looked quite cheerful. Every detail of each car was complete. Dressers were at their posts. Doublets, jerkins, shoes, ruffs, were symmetrically arranged. The men were despatched to their respective rooms; the ladies retired to theirs. Dear me! How smoothly things were going! Were they? There is a fearsome clock in that market whose visage will

be an abiding nightmare. *The horses and the horsemen were conspicuous by absence!* Had there been a cataclysm? Had Blackfriars Bridge been blown up by some dynamitard? Had peaceful Peckham been devastated by a tornado? The inexorable finger moved steadily round that clock-face. Fifteen minutes late! Thirty! Forty-five! At last the truants came crowding in, a full hour behind their time. Moments were worth millions now. In the hurry and bewildering scurry of trying to do in five minutes what should have taken twenty, we became disorganised. It had been arranged that every horse should have his number on a card attached to his saddle; that on arrival at the market the horses should be marshalled according to their numbers in rows, so that the riders when dressed should be able to fall at once into their places and mount in orderly sequence. But on the way from Peckham the roads had been found to be so dangerously slippery as to delay progress and throw order out of gear, so that when the crowd arrived they came in chaos, and once dismounted no one could find his horse. What a mad medley! To improve matters a member of the police-patrol came galloping in from the Guildhall to say that if I was not in Cheapside to the minute the Historic Section would be left behind. And the only new and interesting portion of the Show was the Historic Pageant, which all London had turned out to criticise! Things looked gravely like a fiasco amid the accompanying laughter of the enemy. And next arrived my lieutenant, who all along had been invaluable to me, since he was familiar with the humdrum routine of previous civic efforts. He groaned loudly and gave free vent to jeremiads. "We should be late! There was no hope! It was all over! Why this confusion?" And other useful and comforting remarks like unto those of Job's familiars. At that moment I could have slain him then and there with ecstacy! The verdict would be justifiable homicide. Well, a man can but do his best. The unexpected will happen, and it is generally disagreeable. I had never—happily for my peace of mind—considered the possibility of all the horses and horsemen arriving an hour late. We would do what we could, and leave behind such portions of the pageant as could not be brought to time.

Open the gates! Go forth! Surely, luck will not desert us? One, two, three, &c. Somehow they were all tumbling out in decent sequence. The cars I had taken the precaution to get filled hours before. A too ambitiously prancing lady was thrown, and picked up none the worse. A man began to shriek and had a fit—due to over-excitement, I suppose. These were details, mere local colour. Courage rose again. Those who were not fully dressed must be clothed as they went along, and I should find time during the delay at Cheapside to place them in proper order. Knights without leg-pieces or breast-plates were accoutred while ascending Snow Hill. The men with the properties, who had, fortunately, been taught to whom each article belonged, ran blithely along the advancing line, distributing lances, banners, musical instruments, and what not.

A pause, a delay; and the sand of time was dripping! Where was Queen Elizabeth—our most important figure? I rushed madly about, and at length found her in a corner, the centre of sympathetic grooms. "Is this a moment for dreaming? Why can't you be attentive and take your place?" I shouted. "Oh! such a bad pain in my side!" her Majesty faintly whispered. What was a pain in the side—even a bad one? "Hang your pain!" I exclaimed brutally, with a sternness born of anguish at a dim looming of disaster: "take your place this minute and nurse your pain to-morrow!" She obeyed without a word, and went, and the pain, which was only due to nervousness, went too. Stung by remorse, I asked her during our progress if she would like a glass of sherry. She smiled roguishly. "No, thank you; I am quite well again, and Queen Bess never drank sherry in the streets!" We were off—actually off—and no one was left behind! During the ten minutes at Cheapside (we had shaved the hour narrowly) small minor details were completed. The Historic Pageant marched on its triumphant course, and I was quite content and thankful, although well-nigh worn out by fatigue.

L. WINGFIELD.

ABOUT IRELAND.

NOTHING dies so hard as prejudice, unless it be sentiment. Indeed, prejudice and sentiment are but different manifestations of the same principle by which men pronounce on things according to their individual feeling, independent of facts and free from the constraint of positive knowledge. And on nothing in modern times has so much sentiment been lavished as on the Irish question: nowhere has so much passionately generous, but at the same time so much absolutely ignorant partisanship, been displayed as by English sympathisers with the Irish peasant. This is scarcely to be wondered at. The picture of a gallant nation ground under the heel of an iron despotism—of an industrious and virtuous peasantry rackrented, despoiled, brutalised, and scarce able to live by their labour that they may supply the vicious wants of oppressive landlords—of unarmed men, together with women and little children, ruthlessly bludgeoned by a brutal police, or shot by a bloodthirsty soldiery for no greater offence than verbal protests against illegal evictions—of a handful of ardent patriots ready to undergo imprisonment and contumely in their struggle against one of the strongest nations in the world for only so much political freedom as is granted to-day by autocrats themselves—such a picture as this is calculated to excite the sympathies of all generous souls. And it has done so in England, where "Home Rule" and "Justice to Ireland" have become the rallying cries of one section of the Liberal party, to the disruption and political suicide of the whole body; and where the less knowledge imported into the question the more fervid the advocacy and the louder the demand.

It is worth while to state quite quietly and quite plainly how things stand at this present moment. There is no need for hysterics

on the one side or the other; and to amend one's views by the testimony of facts is not a dishonest turning of one's coat—if confession of that amendment is a little like the white sheet and lighted taper of a penitent. Things are, or they are not. If they are, as will be set down, the inference is plain to anyone not hopelessly blinded by preconceived prejudice. If they are not, let them be authoritatively contradicted on the basis of fact, not sentiment—demonstration, not assertion. In any case it is a gain to obtain material for a truer judgment than heretofore, and thus to be rid of certain mental films by which colours are blurred and perspective is distorted.

No one wishes to palliate the crimes of which England has been guilty in Ireland. Her hand has been heavy, her whip one of braided scorpions, her rule emphatically of blood and iron. But all this is of the past, and the pendulum, not only of public feeling but of legal enactment, threatens to swing too far on the other side. What has been done cannot be undone, but it will not be repeated. We shall never send over another Cromwell nor yet another Castlereagh; and there is as little good to be got from chafing over past wrongs as there is in lamenting past glories. Malachi and his collar of gold—the ancient kings who led forth the Red Branch Knights—State persecution of the Catholics—rack-rents and unjust evictions are all alike swept away into the limbo of things dead and done with. What Ireland has to deal with now are the enactments and facts of the day, and to shake off the incubus of retrospection, as a strong man awaking would get rid of a nightmare.

Nowhere in Europe, nor yet in the United States, are tenant-farmers so well protected by law as in Ireland; nor is it the fault of England if the Acts passed for their benefit have been rendered ineffectual by the agitators who have preferred fighting to orderly development. Yet, in the face of these various Acts, to which it is needless to refer here in detail, and in the memory of all which they embody, provide for, and deny, our hysterical journal *par excellence* is not ashamed to publish a wild letter from one of those ramping political women who screech like peacocks before rain, setting forth how Ireland could be redeemed by the manufacture of blackberry jam, were it not for the infamous landlords who

would at once raise the rent on those tenants who, by industry, had improved their condition. And a Dublin paper asserts that anything will be fiction which demonstrates that "Ireland is not the home of rackrenters, brutal baton-men, and heartless evictors"; while political agitation is still being carried on by any means that come handiest, and the eviction of tenants who owe five or six years' rent, and will not pay even one to clear off old scores, is treated as an act of brutality for which no quarter should be given. If we were to transfer the whole method of procedure to our own lands and houses in England, perhaps the thing would wear a different aspect from what it wears now, when surrounded by a halo of false sentiment and convenient forgetfulness.

With a legal machinery of relief so comprehensive and so favourable to the tenant, it would seem that this Plan of Campaign, with its cruel and murderous accompaniments, was scarcely needed. If anyone was aggrieved, the courts were open to him; and we have only to read the list of reduced rents to see how they protected the tenant and bore heavily on the landlord. Also, it would seem to persons of ordinary morality that it would have been more manly and more honest to pay the rents due to the proprietor than to cast the money into the chest of the Plan of Campaign—that *boîte à Pierrette* which, like the sieve of the Danaïdes, can never be filled. The Home Rule agitators have known how to make it appear that they, and they alone, stand between the people and oppression. They have ignored all this orderly legal machinery, and their English sympathisers have not remembered it. Nor have those English sympathisers considered the significant fact that this agitation is literally the bread of life to those who have created and still maintain it. A large majority of the Home Rule Irish Members of Parliament have risen from the lowest ranks of society—from the barefooted peasantry, where their nearest relations are still to be found—into the outward condition of gentlemen living in comparative affluence. It is not being uncharitable, nor going behind motives, to ask, *Cui bono?* For whose advantage is a certain movement carried on?—especially for whose advantage is this anti-rent movement in Ireland? For the good of the tenants who, under the pressure put on them by those whom they have agreed to follow, refuse to pay

even a fraction of a rent hitherto paid to the full, and who are, in consequence, evicted from their farms and deprived of their means of subsistence? or is it for the good of a handful of men who live by and on the agitation they created and still keep up? Do the leaders of any movement whatsoever give a thought to the individual lives sacrificed to the success of the cause? As little as the general regrets the individuals of the rank and file in the battalions he hurls against the enemy. The ruined homes and blighted lives of the thousands who have listened, believed, been coerced to their own despair, have been no more than the numbers of the rank and file to the general who hoped to gain the day by his battalions.* The good in this no-rent movement is reaped by the agitators alone. And for them alone have the chestnuts been pulled out of the fire. Furthermore, whose hands among the prominent leaders are free from the reflected stain of blood-money? They have counselled a course of action which has been marked all along the line by outrage and murder; and they have lived well and amassed wealth by the course they have counselled. From proletariats in their own persons they have become men of substance and property. These assertions are facts to which names and amounts can be given; and that question, *Cui bono?* answers itself. The inference to be drawn is too grave to be set aside; and to plead "charitable judgment" is to plead imbecility.

The plain and simple truth is—the protective legislation that was so sorely needed for the peasantry is fast degenerating into injustice and oppression against the landlords. Thousands of the smaller landowners have been absolutely beggared; the larger holders have been as ruthlessly ruined. For, while the rents were lowered, the charges on the land, made on the larger basis, were

* Mr. Hurlbert, a Roman Catholic, an American, and a personal friend of Mr. Davitt —all which circumstances give a special weight to his testimony, now borne after frequent and lengthened and recent visits to Ireland, and after close converse with men of all classes and of all political and religious views, says in his *Ireland under Coercion:* "An Irish gentleman from St. Louis brought over a considerable sum of money for the relief of distress in the north-west of Ireland, but was induced to entrust it to the League, on the express ground that, the more people were made to feel the pinch of the existing order of things, the better it would be for the revolutionary movement."—*The Irish Question*, I., 193. By Dr. Bryce.

kept to their same value; and the fate of the landlord was sealed. Between the hammer and the anvil, as he was and is placed, his times have not been pleasant. Families who have bought their estates on the faith of Government sales and Government contracts, and families who have owned theirs for centuries and lived on them winter and summer—who have been neither absentees nor rack-renters, but have been friendly, hospitable, open-handed after their kind, always ready to give comforts and medicine to the sick and a good-natured measure of relief to the hard pressed—they have now been brought to the ground; and between our own fluid and unstable legislation and the reckless cruelty of the Plan of Campaign their destruction has been complete. Wherever one goes one finds great houses shut up or let for a few summer months to strangers who care nothing for the place and less than nothing for the people. One cannot call this a gain, look at it as one will. Nor do the tenantry themselves feel it to be a gain. Get their confidence and you will find that they all regret the loss of their own —those jovial, frank, and kindly proprietors who did the best they knew, though perhaps, judged by present scientific knowledge, that best was not very good, but who, at least, knew more than themselves. Carrying the thing home to England, we should scarcely say that our country places would be the better for the exodus of all the educated and refined and well-to-do families, with the peasantry and an unmarried clergyman left sole masters of the situation.

In the desire of Parliament to do justice to the Irish peasant, whose condition did once so loudly demand amelioration, justice to the landlord has gone by the board. For we cannot call it justice to make him alone suffer. His rents have been reduced from 25 to 30 per cent., but all the rent charges, mortgages, debts and dues have been retained at their full value. The scheme of reduction does not pass beyond the tiller of the soil, and the landlord is the sole loser.*

* Some time after the Great Famine, the Government brought in an Act called the Encumbered Estates Act. A judge was appointed to act as auctioneer. The income of the estate was set out in schedule form and a man purchased that income by competition in open court. He got with his purchase what was supposed to be the best title then known, commonly called "a Parliamentary title." If he wanted to sell again, that was

Beyond this he suffers from the want of finality in legislation. Nothing is left to prove itself, and the tinkering never ends. A fifteen years' bargain is broken up as if Governmental pledges were lovers' vows. When on the faith of those pledges a landlord borrowed money from the Board of Works for the improvement of his estate, for stone cottages for his tenantry, for fences, drainage, and the like, suddenly his income is still further reduced; but the interest he has to pay for the loan contracted on the broader basis remains the same. Which is a kind of thing on all fours with the plan of locking up a debtor, so that he cannot work at his trade, while ordering him to pay so much weekly from earnings which the law itself prevents his making.

If the sum of misery remains constant in Ireland, its distribution has changed hands. The small deposits in the savings banks have increased to an enormous extent, and in many places where the tenants have for some years refused to pay their rents, but have still kept the land, the women have learned to dress. But the owners of the land—say that they are ladies with no man in the family—have wanted bread, and have been kept from starvation only by surreptitious supplies delivered in the dead darkness of the night. These supplies have of necessity been rare and scanty, for the most honest tenant dared not face the vengeance of the League by openly paying his just due. Did not Mr. Dillon, on August 23rd, 1887, say, "If there is a man in Ireland base enough to back down, to turn his back on the fight now that Coercion has passed, I pledge myself in the face of this meeting that I will denounce him

enough. Many years after the bargain was made by the court, Mr. Gladstone dropped in and upset it. A friend of mine purchased a guaranteed rental of £600 a year, subject to £300 annuity, as well as other charges, head rent, &c., &c. Now the Government may have been said to have pledged its honour to him, speaking by the mouth of a judge in open court, that it was selling him £600 a year. Surely it was a distinct breach of faith to swoop down on the purchaser, years after, and reduce the £600 to £500 without reducing the charges also in due proportion, or giving back one-sixth of the purchase money? Mr. Gladstone and his party say the land was rented too high. Does that (if true) get over the dishonesty of selling for £600 a year what was really worth only £500? Such a transaction as that between man and man would be actionable as a fraud. But this excuse is not true, for when any tenant wants to sell his tenant-right he gets a large price for it, far larger than the normal proportion to his rent. When a nation sanctions such absolute dishonesty as this on the part of its Prime Minister it is not surprising that the shrewd Irish peasant profits by the lesson and improves the example.

from public platform by name, and I pledge myself to the Government that, let that man be whom he may, his life will not be a happy one, either in Ireland or across the seas." With such a formidable organisation as this, what individual would have the courage to stand out for abstract justice to a landlord? It would have been, and it has been, standing out for his own destruction. Hence, for no fault, no rackrenting, have proprietors—and especially ladies—been treated as mortal enemies by those whom they had always befriended—for no reason whatever but that it was an easy victory for the Campaigners to obtain. Women, with never a man to defend them, could be more easily manipulated than if they were so many stalwart young fellows, handy in their turn with guns and revolvers, and man for man a match even for Captain Moonlight. If these ladies dared to evict their non-paying tenants they would be either boycotted or "visited," or perhaps both. Besides who would venture to take the vacant land? And how could a couple of delicate ladies, say, till the ground with their own hands? The old fable of the dog in the manger holds good with these Campaigners. Those who will not pay prevent others who would; and the hated "landgrabber," denounced from altar and platform alike, is simply an honest and industrious worker, who would make his own living and the landlord's rent out of a bit of land which is lying idle and going to waste.

Those who plead for the landlords who have been so cruelly robbed and ruined are weak-voiced and reticent compared to the loudly crying advocates for the peasantry. English tourists run over for a fortnight to Ireland, talk to the jarvies, listen to the peasants themselves, forbear to go near any educated or responsible person with knowledge of the facts and a character to lose, and accept as gospel everything they hear. There is no check and no verification. Pat and Tim and Mike give their accounts of this and that, bedad, and tell their piteous tales of want and oppression. The English tourist swallows it all whole as it comes to him, and writes his account to the sympathetic Press, which publishes as gospel stories which have not one word of truth in them. In fact, the term "English tourist" has come to mean the same as *gobemouche* in France; and clever Pat knows well enough that

there is not a fly in the whole region of fable which is too large for the brutal Saxon to swallow. Abject poverty without shoes to its feet, with only a few rags to cover its unwashed nakedness, and an unfurnished mud cabin shared with the pigs and poultry for its sole dwelling-place—abject poverty begs a copper from "his honour" for the love of God and the glory of the Blessed Virgin, telling meantime a heartrending story of privation and oppression. Abject poverty points to all the outward signs and circumstances of its woe; but it forgets the good stone house in which live the son and the son's wife—the dozen or more of cattle grazing free on the mountain side—that bit of fertile land where the very weeds grow into beauty by their luxuriance—and those quiet hundreds hidden away for the sole pleasure of hoarding. And the English tourist takes it all in, and blazes out into wrath against the tyrannous landlord who has reduced an honest citizen to this fearful state of misery; knowing nothing of the craft which is known to all the residents round about, and not willing to believe it were he even told. For the dramatic instinct is strong in human nature, and in these later days there is an ebullient surplusage of sympathy which only desires to find an object. Across the Bristol Channel, the English tourist finds these objects ready-made to his hand; and the question is still further embroiled and the light of truth still more obscured that a few impulsive, credulous, and non-judicially-minded young people may excite their emotions and give vent to them when excited.

Only the other day a young Irishman who has to do with the land question was mistaken for a brutal but credulous Saxon by the jarvey who had him in tow. Consequently, Pat plied his fancied victim with the wildest stories of this man's wrongs and that lone widow's sufferings. When he found out his mistake he laughed and said: "Begorra, I thought your honour was an English tourist!" And at a certain trial which took place in Cork, the judge put by some absurd statement by saying, half-indignant, half amused: "Do you take me for an English tourist?" Nevertheless the race will continue so long as there are excitable young persons of either sex whose capacity for swallowing flies is practically unlimited, and an hysterical Press to which they can betake themselves.

The following authoritative instance of this misplaced sympathy may suffice. The *Westminster Review* published a certain article on the Olphert estate, among other things. Those who have read it know its sensational character. At Cork the other day the priest concerned had to confess on oath that only three of the Olphert tenants had received relief.

In the famous Lough Creagh evictions the poor dispossessed dupes lost their all at the bidding of the Campaigners, on the plea of inability to pay rents voluntarily offered by Lord Lansdowne to be reduced 20 per cent. There were, some short time ago, four hundred head of cattle over and above the full rent of the land; but the former holders are living on charity doled out to them by the Campaigners, and in huts built for them by the Campaigners on the edge of the rich and kindly land which once gave them home and sustenance. How bitterly they curse the evil counsels which led to their destruction only they and the few they dare trust know. James Mahoney's daughter-in-law was bolder when, on the day of their eviction (from the Ponsonby estate), she wrote on the window-sill of their house:—

"I am evicted from this house,
Me and my loving man;
I'm homeless now upon the world,
May the devil take the 'Plan.'"

And I have it, on the word of honour of one whose word is his bond, that certain defaulting tenants lately confessed to him that they had in their pockets as much as the value of three years' rent for the two they owed, but that they dared not, for their lives, pay it. They would if they dared, but they dared not. The plea of inability to pay the reduced scale of rent is simple moonshine; and the terrorism imported into this question comes from the Campaigners, not from the landlords, nor yet from the police. If these paid political agitators were silenced, and the laws already passed were suffered to work by themselves according to their intent, things would speedily settle. But then the agitators would lose their means of subsistence, their social status, and their political importance. As things are, these men are ruining the country they affect to defend; while the worst enemies of the peasant are the men who call them-

selves his friends, and the blind-eyed sympathisers who bewail the wrongs he does not suffer and the misery he himself might prevent. All that Ireland wants now is rest from political agitation, the orderly development of its resources;—and especially finality in legislation;*—so that the one side may know to what it has to trust and the other may be freed from those illusive dreams and demoralising hopes which destroy the manlier efforts after self-help in the present for that coming of the cocklicranes in the future.

There is, however, a good work quietly going on which will touch the evil root of things in time, but not in the sense of the Home Rulers and Campaigners. This good work will render it unnecessary to follow the advice of that rough and ready politician who saw no way out of the wood save to "send to Hell for Oliver Cromwell"; also that of the facetious Dove who winked as he offered his olive branch:—"Shure the best way to pacify Oireland is for the Queen to marry Parnell." A more practicable method than either is silently making headway against the elements of disorder; and in spite of the upsetters and their opposition the rough things will be made smooth and the troubled waters will run clear. Of this more in another paper.

E. LYNN LINTON.

* On this question of further legislation I will quote part of a letter from a correspondent which shows the views of a singularly able, impartial, and fair-minded Irishman. "The breaking of leases was another risky thing to do, for it shook all faith in the sovereignty of the law and the finality of its *dicta*. Till Mr. Gladstone made himself the champion of the tenants and the oppressor of the landlords, Parliament never dreamed of revising rents paid under leases. Mr. Gladstone began by breaking these leases when held for a certain term defined by him. But we cannot stop there now. If another Land Bill is to be brought in by the present Government it must, to really and finally settle matters, *break all leases*. If it stops short of this the trouble will crop up again. If a man now with a ninety-nine years' lease can go into the Land Court, the man with a lease of a hundred years, or a hundred and fifty, or two hundred, should not be shut out. This point cannot be put too strongly to this Government. If the thing is to be done let it be done thoroughly, and let every man who holds a lease—no matter for what term—go into the Land Court, and also purchase under Lord Ashbourne's Act. Lord Ashbourne's Act is the real cure if made to apply all round."

THE SOLUTION.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

"OH yes, you may write it down—everyone's dead." I profited by my old friend's permission and made a note of the story, which, at the time he told it to me, seemed curious and interesting. Will it strike you in the same light? Perhaps not, but I will run the risk and copy it out for you as I reported it, with just a little amplification from memory. Though everyone *is* dead, perhaps you had better not let it go further. My old friend is dead himself, and how can I say how I miss him? He had many merits, and not the least of them was that he was always at home. The infirmities of the last years of his life confined him to London and to his own house, and of an afternoon, between five and six o'clock, I often knocked at his door. He is before me now, as he leans back in his chair, with his eyes wandering round the top of his room as if a thousand ghostly pictures were suspended there. Following his profession in many countries, he had seen much of life and knew much of men. This thing dropped from him piece by piece (one wet, windy spring afternoon, when we happened to be uninterrupted), like a painless belated confession. I have only given it continuity.

It was in Rome, a hundred years ago, or as nearly so as it must have been to be an episode of my extreme youth. I was just twenty-three, and attached to our diplomatic agency there; the other secretaries were all my seniors. Is it because I was twenty-three, or because the time and the place were really better, that this period glows in my memory with all sorts of poetic, romantic lights? It

seems to me to have consisted of five winters of sunshine without a cloud; of long excursions on the Campagna and in the Alban and Sabine hills; of joyous artists' feasts, spread upon the warm stones of ruined temples and tombs; of splendid Catholic processions and ceremonies; of friendly, familiar evenings, prolonged very late, in the great painted and tapestried saloons of historic palaces. It was the slumbrous, pictorial Rome of the Popes, before the Italians had arrived or the local colour departed, and though I have been back there in recent years it is always the early impression that is evoked for me by the name. The yellow steps, where models and beggars lounged in the sun, had a golden tone, and the models and beggars themselves a magnificent brown one, which it looked easy to paint showily. The excavations, in those days, were comparatively few, but the "subjects"—I was an incorrigible sketcher—were many. The carnival lasted a month, the flowers (and even the flower-girls) lasted for ever, and the old statues in the villas and the galleries became one's personal friends.

Of course we had other friends than these, and that is what I am coming to I have lived in places where the society was perhaps better, but I have lived in none where I liked it better, in spite of the fact that it was considerably pervaded by Mrs. Goldie. Mrs. Goldie was an English lady, a widow with three daughters, and her name, accompanied not rarely, I fear, with an irreverent objurgation, was inevitably on our lips. She had a house on the Pincian Hill, from winter to winter; she came early in the season and stayed late, and she formed, with her daughters—Rosina, Veronica and Augusta—an uncompromising feature of every entertainment. As the principal object in any view of Rome is the dome of St. Peter's, so the most prominent figure in the social prospect was always the Honourable Blanche. She was a daughter of Lord Bolitho, and there were several elderly persons among us who remembered her in the years before her marriage, when her maiden designation was jocosely—I forget what the original joke had been—in people's mouths. They reintroduced it, and it became common in speaking of her. There must have been some public occasion when, as a spinster, she had done battle for her precedence and had boomed out her little title. She was capable of that.

I was so fond of the place that it appeared to be natural everyone else should love it, but I afterwards wondered what could have been the source of Mrs. Goldie's interest in it. She didn't know a Raphael from a Caravaggio, and even after many years could not have told you the names of the seven hills. She used to drive her daughters out to sketch, but she would never have done that if she had cared for the dear old ruins. However, it has always been a part of the magic of Rome that the most dissimilar breasts feel its influence; and though it is, or rather it was, the most exquisite place in the world, uncultivated minds have been known to enjoy it as much as students and poets. It has always touched alike the *raffiné* and the barbarian. Mrs. Goldie was a good deal of a barbarian, and she had her reasons for liking the Papal city. Her mind was fixed on tea-parties and the "right people to know." She valued the easy sociability, the picnics, the functions, the frequent opportunities for producing her girls. These opportunities indeed were largely of her own making; for she was highly hospitable, in the simple Roman fashion, and held incessant receptions and *conversazioni*. Dinners she never gave, and when she invited you to lunch, *al fresco*, in the shadow of the aqueducts that stride across the plain, she expected you to bring with you a cold chicken and a bottle of wine. No one, however, in those patriarchal times, was thought the worse of in Rome for being frugal. That was another reason why Mrs. Goldie had elected to live there: it was the capital in Europe where the least money—and she had but little—would go furthest in the way of grandeur. It cost her nothing to produce her girls, in proportion to the impressiveness of the spectacle.

I don't know what we should have done without her house, for the young men of the diplomatic body, as well as many others, treated it almost as a club. It was largely for our benefit that the Misses Goldie were produced. I sometimes wondered, even in those days, if our sense of honour was quite as fine as it might have been, to have permitted us to amuse ourselves at the expense of this innocent and hospitable group. The jokes we made about them were almost as numerous as the cups of tea that we received from the hands of the young ladies; and though I have never thought

that youth is delicate (delicacy is an acquired virtue and comes later), there was this excuse for our esoteric mirth, that it was simply contagious. We laughed at the airs of greatness the Honourable Blanche gave herself, and at the rough and ready usage to which she subjected the foreign tongues. It even seemed to us droll, in a crowd, to see her push and press and make play with her elbows, followed by the compact wedge of Rosina, Veronica and Augusta, whom she had trained to follow up her advantages. We noted the boldness with which she asked for favours when they were not offered and snatched them when they were refused, and we almost admired the perpetual manœuvres and conspiracies, all of the most public and transparent kind, which did not prevent her from honestly believing that she was the most shrinking and disinterested of women. She was always in a front seat, always flushed with the achievement of getting there, and always looking round and grimacing, signalling and telegraphing, pointing to other places for other people, waving her parasol and fan, and marshalling and ordering the girls. She was tall and angular, and held her head very high: it was surmounted with wonderful turbans and plumages, and indeed the four ladies were caparisoned altogether in a manner of their own.

The oddest thing in the mother was that she bragged about the fine people and the fine things she had left behind her in England; she protested too much, and if you had listened to her you would have had the gravest doubts of her origin and breeding. They were genuinely "good," however, and her vulgarity was as incontestable as her connections. It is a mistake to suppose it is only the people who would like to be what they are not who are snobs. That class includes equally many of those who are what the others would like to be. I used to think, of old, that Thackeray overdid his ridicule of certain types; but I always did him justice when I remembered Mrs. Goldie. I don't want to finish her off by saying she was good-natured; but she certainly never abused people, and if she was very worldly she was not the only one. She never even thought of the people she didn't like, much less did she speak of them, for all her time was given to talking about her favourites, as she called them, who were usually of princely name

(princes in Rome are numerous and *d'un commerce facile*), and her regard for whom was not chilled by the scant pains they sometimes took to encourage it. What was original in her was the candour and, to a certain extent, the brutality with which she played her game.

The girls were not pretty, but they might have been less plain if they had felt less oppressively the responsibility of their looks. You could not say exactly whether they were ugly or only afraid, on every occasion, that their mother would think them so. This expression was naturally the reverse of ornamental. They were good creatures, though they generally had the air of having slept in their clothes in order to be ready in time. Rosina and Augusta were better than Veronica: we had a theory that Veronica had a temper and sometimes "stood up" to her mother. She was the beauty, she had handsome hair, she sang, alas—she quavered out English ditties beneath the Roman *lambris*. She had pretensions individually, in short; the others had not even those that their mother had for them. In general, however, they were bullied and overpowered by their stern parent; all they could do was to follow her like frightened sheep, and they lived with their eyes fixed on her, so as to execute, at a glance from her, the evolutions in which they had been drilled. We were sorry for them, for we were sure that she secretly felt, with rage, that they were not brilliant and sat upon them for it with all her weight, which of course didn't tend to wake them up. None the less, we talked of them profanely, and especially of Veronica, who had the habit of addressing us indiscriminately, though so many of us were English, in incomprehensible strange languages.

When I say "we" I must immediately except the young American secretary, with whom we lived much (at least I did, for I liked him, little as the trick I played him may have shown it), and who never was profane about anything: a circumstance to be noticed the more as the conversation of his chief, the representative of the United States *près du Saint-Père* at that time, was apt (though this ancient worthy was not "bearded like the pard," but clean-shaven—once or twice a week) to be full of strange oaths. His name was Henry Wilmerding, he came from some northern State (I am speak-

ing now of the secretary, not of the minister), and he was as fresh and sociable a young fellow as you could wish to see. The minister was the drollest possible type, but we all delighted in him; indeed, I think that, among his colleagues, he was the most popular man in the diplomatic body. He was a product of the Carolinas and always wore a dress-coat and a faded, superannuated neckcloth; his hat and boots were also of a fashion of his own. He talked very slowly, as if he were delivering a public address, used innumerable "sirs," of the forensic, not in the least of the social kind, and always made me feel as if I were the Speaker of the American Congress, though indeed I never should have ventured to call him to order. The curious part of his conversation was that, though it was rich in expletives, it was also extremely sententious: he uttered them with a solemnity which made them patriarchal and scriptural. He used to remind me of the busts of some of the old dry-faced, powerful Roman lawgivers and administrators. He spoke no language but that of his native State, but that mattered little, as we all learned it and practised it for our amusement. We ended by making constant use of it among ourselves: we talked it to each other in his presence and under his nose. It seems to me, as I look back, that we must have been rare young brutes; but he was an unsuspecting diplomatist. Indeed, they were a pair, for I think Wilmerding never knew—he had such a western bloom of his own.

Wilmerding was a gentleman and he was not a fool, but he was not in the least a man of the world. I couldn't fancy in what society he had grown up; I could only see it was something very different from any of our *milieux*. If he had been turned out by one of ours he couldn't have been so innocent without being stupid, or so unworldly without being underbred. He was full of natural delicacy, worse luck: if he hadn't been I shouldn't be telling you this little story of my own shame. He once mentioned to me that his ancestors had been Quakers, and though he was not at all what you call a muff (he was a capital rider, and in the exaltation of his ideas of what was due to women a very knight of romance) there was something rather dovelike in his nature, suggestive of drab tints and the smell of lavender. All the Quakers, or people of Quaker origin, of whom I ever heard have been rich, and Wilmer-

ding, happy dog, was not an exception to the rule. I think that was partly the reason why we succumbed to temptation: we should have handled him more tenderly if he had had the same short allowance as ourselves. He never talked of money (I have noticed Americans rarely do—it's a part of their prudery), but he was free-handed and extravagant and evidently had a long purse to draw upon. He used to buy shocking daubs from those of his compatriots who then cultivated "arrt" (they pronounced the word so oddly) in Rome, and I knew a case where he let a fellow have his picture back (it was certainly a small loss) to sell it over again. His family were proprietors of large cotton-mills from which banknotes appeared to flow in inexhaustible streams. They sent him the handsomest remittances and let him know that the question of supplies was the last he need trouble himself about. There was something so enviable, so ideal, in such a situation as this, that I daresay it aggravated us a little, in spite of our really having such a kindness for him.

It had that effect especially upon one of our little band—a young French attaché, Guy de Montaut, one of the most delightful creatures I have ever known, and certainly the Frenchman I have met in the world whom I have liked best. He had all the qualities of his nation and none of its defects—he was, socially, a pure pearl. He loved a joke as well as I, but his jokes, as a general thing, were better than mine. It is true that this one I am speaking of, in which he had an equal hand, was bad enough. We were united by a community of debt—we owed money at the same places. Montaut's family was so old that they had long ago spent their substance, and were not in the habit of pressing unsolicited drafts upon his acceptance. Neither of us quite understood why the diplomatic career should be open to a young Quaker, or the next thing to it, who was a cotton-spinner into the bargain. At the British establishment, at least, no form of dissent less fashionable than the Catholic was recognised, and altogether it was very clear to me that the ways of the Americans were not as our ways. Montaut, as you may believe, was as little as possible of a Quaker; and if he was considerate of women it was in a very different manner from poor Wilmerding. I don't think he respected them much, but he

would have insisted that he sometimes spared them. I wondered often how Wilmerding had ever come to be a secretary of legation, as at that period, in America (I don't know how much they have changed it), such posts were obtained by being begged for and "worked" for in various crooked ways. It was impossible to go in less for haughtiness; yet with all Wilmerding's mildness, and his being the model of the nice young man, I couldn't have imagined his asking a favour.

He went to Mrs. Goldie's as much as the rest of us, but really no more, I think—no more, certainly, until the summer we all spent at Frascati. During that happy September we were constantly in and out of her house, and it is possible that when the others were out he was sometimes in. I mean that he played backgammon in the loggia of the villa with Rosy and Gussie, and even strolled, or sat, in the dear old Roman garden with them, looking over Veronica's shoulder while her pencil vainly attempted a perspective or a perpendicular. It was a charming, sociable, promiscuous time, and these poor girls were more or less gilded, for all of us, by it. The long, hot Roman summer had driven the strangers away, and the native society had gone into *villeggiatura*. My chief had crossed the Alps, on his annual leave, and the affairs of our house—they were very simple matters, no great international questions—were in the hands of a responsible underling. I forget what had become of Montaut's people; he himself, at any rate, was not to have his holiday till later. We were in the same situation, he and I, save that I had been able to take several bare rooms, for a couple of months, in a rambling old palace in a fold of the Alban hills. The few survivors of our Roman circle were my neighbours there, and I offered hospitality to Montaut, who, as often as he was free, drove out along the Appian Way to stay with me for a day or two at a time. I think he had a little personal tie in Rome which took up a good deal of his time.

The American minister and his lady—she was majestic and bland—had fled to Switzerland, so that Wilmerding was left to watch over the interests of the United States. He took a furnished villa at Frascati (you could have one for a few *scudi* a month) and gave very pleasant and innocent bachelor parties. If he was often

at Mrs. Goldie's she returned his visits with her daughters, and I can live over lovely evenings (oh youth, oh memory!) when tables were set for supper in the garden and lighted by the fireflies, when some of the villagers—such voices as one heard there, and such natural art!—came in to sing for us, and when we all walked home in the moonlight with the ladies, singing, ourselves, along the road. I am not sure that Mrs. Goldie herself didn't warble to the southern night. This is a proof of the humanising, poetising conditions in which we lived. Mrs. Goldie had remained near Rome to save money; there was also a social economy in it, as she kept her eye on some of her princesses. Several of these high dames were in residence in our neighbourhood, and we were a happy family together.

I don't quite know why we went to see Mrs. Goldie so much if we didn't like her better, unless it be that my immediate colleagues and I inevitably felt a certain loyalty to the principal English house. Moreover, we did like the poor lady better in fact than we did in theory and than the irreverent tone we took about her might have indicated. Wilmerding, all the same, remained her best listener, when she poured forth the exploits and alliances of her family. He listened with exaggerated interest—he held it unpardonable to let one's attention wander from a lady, however great a bore she might be. Mrs. Goldie thought very well of him, on these and other grounds, though as a general thing she and her daughters didn't like strangers unless they were very great people. In that case they recognised their greatness, but thought they would have been much greater if they had been English. Of the greatness of Americans they had but a limited sense, and they never compared them with the English, the French, or even the Romans. The most they did was to compare them with each other; and in this respect they had a sort of measure. They thought the rich ones much greater than the others.

The summer I particularly speak of, Mrs. Goldie's was not simply the principal English house but really the only one—that is, for the world in general. I knew of another that I had a very different attachment to, and was even presumptuous enough to consider that I had an exclusive interest in. It was not exactly

a house, however; it was only a big, cool, shabby, frescoed sitting-room in the inn at Albano, a huge, melancholy palace that had come down in the world. It formed, for the time, the habitation of a charming woman whom I fondly believed to be more to me than any other human being. This part of my tale is rather fatuous, or it would be if it didn't refer to a hundred years ago. Not that my devotion was of the same order as my friend Montaut's, for the object of it was the most honourable of women, an accomplished English lady. Her name was Mrs. Rushbrook, and I should be capable, at this hour, of telling you a great deal about her. The description that would be most to the purpose, I confess (it puts the matter in a word), is that I was far gone in love with her. I was really very bad, and she was some five years my elder, which, given my age, only made my condition more natural. She had been in Rome, for short visits, three or four times during my period there: her little girl was delicate, and her idea was to make a long stay in a southern climate.

She was the widow of an officer in the navy; she spoke of herself as very poor, but I knew enough of her relations in England to be sure that she would not be left to sink into misery. Moreover, she was extravagant, careless, even slightly capricious. If the "Bohemian" had been invented in those days she might possibly have been one—a very small, fresh, dainty one. She was so pretty that she has remained in my mind as *the* pretty woman among those I have known, who, thank heaven, have not been few. She had a lovely head, and her chestnut hair was of a shade I have never seen since—no, never. And her figure had such grace and her voice such a charm, and she was, in short, so uncommonly nice. She was natural and clever and kind, and though she was five years older than I she always struck me as an embodiment of youth—of the golden morning of life. We made such happy discoveries together when first I knew her: we liked the same things, we disliked the same people, we had the same favourite statues in the Vatican, the same secret preferences in regard to views on the Campagna. We loved Italy in the same way and in the same degree; that is, with the difference that I cared less for it after I knew her, because I cared so much more for her than for anything else. She painted,

she studied Italian, she collected and noted the songs of the people, and she had the wit to pick up certain *bibelots* and curiosities—lucky woman—before other people had thought of them. It was long ago that she passed out of my ken, and yet I feel that she was very modern.

Partly as a new comer (she had been at Sorrento to give her little girl sea-baths), and partly because she had her own occupations and lived to herself, she was rather out of our circle at Frascati. Mrs. Goldie had gone to see her, however, and she had come over to two or three of our parties. Several times I drove to Albano to fetch her, but I confess that my quest usually ended in my remaining with her. She joined more than one of our picnics (it is ridiculous how many we had), and she was notably present on an important occasion, the last general meeting before our little colony dispersed. This was neither more nor less than a tea-party —a regular five o'clock tea, though the fashion hadn't yet come in—on the summit of Monte Cavo. It sounds very vulgar, but I assure you it was delightful. We went up on foot, on ponies, or donkeys: the animals were for the convenience of the ladies, and our provisions and utensils were easily carried. The great heat had abated; besides, it was late in the day. The Campagna lay beneath us like a haunted sea—if you can imagine that—the ghosts of dead centuries walking on the deep—and the glow of the afternoon was divine. You know it all—the way the Alban mount slopes into the plain and the dome of St. Peter's rises out of it, the colour of the Sabines, which look so near, the old grey villages, the ruins of cities, of nations, that are scattered on the hills.

Wilmerding was of our party, as a matter of course, and Mrs. Goldie and the three girls and Montaut, confound him, with his communicative sense that everything was droll. He hadn't in his composition a grain of respect. Fortunately he didn't need it to make him happy. We had our tea, we looked at the view, we chattered in groups or strolled about in couples: no doubt we desecrated sufficiently a sublime historic spot. We lingered late, but late as it was we perceived, when we collected together to descend the little mountain, that Veronica Goldie was missing. So

was Henry Wilmerding, it presently appeared ; and then it came out that they had been seen moving away together. We looked for them a little ; we called for them ; we waited for them. We were all there and we talked about them, Mrs. Goldie of course rather more loudly than the rest. She qualified their absence, I remember, as a "most extraordinary performance." Montaut said to me, in a lowered voice : "Diable, diable, diable!" I remember his saying also : "You others are very lucky. What would have been thought if it was I?" We waited, in a small, a very small, embarrassment, and before long the young lady turned up with her companion. I forget where they had been ; they told us, without confusion : they had apparently a perfectly good conscience. They had not really been away long ; but it so happened that we all noticed it and that for a quarter of an hour we thought of it. Besides, the dusk had almost gathered. As soon as they joined us we started homeward. A little later we all separated, and Montaut and I betook ourselves to our own quarters. He said to me that evening, in relation to this little incident : "In my country, you know, he would have to marry her."

"I don't believe it," I answered.

"Well, *he* would believe it, I'm sure."

"I don't believe that."

"Try him and you'll see. He'll believe anything."

The idea of trying him—such is the levity of youth—took possession of me ; but at the time I said nothing. Montaut returned to Rome the next day, and a few days later I followed him—my *villeggiatura* was over. Our afternoon at Monte Cavo had had no consequences that I perceived. When I saw Montaut again in Rome one of the first things he said to me was :

"Well, has Wilmerding proposed?"

"Not that I know of."

"Didn't you tell him he ought?"

"My dear fellow, he'd knock me down."

"Never in the world. He'd thank you for the hint—he's so candid." I burst out laughing at this, and he asked if our friend had come back. When I said I had left him at Frascati he exclaimed, "Why, he's compromising her more!"

I didn't quite understand, and I remember asking, "Do you think he really ought to offer her marriage, as a gentleman?"

"Beyond all doubt, in any civilised society."

"What a queer thing, then, is civilisation! Because I'm sure he has done her no harm."

"How can you be sure? However, call it good if you like. It's a benefit one is supposed to pay for the privilege of conferring."

"He won't see it."

"He will if you open his eyes."

"That's not my business. And there's no one to make him see it," I replied.

"Couldn't the Honourable Blanche make him? It seems to me I would trust her."

"Trust her then and be quiet."

"You're afraid of his knocking you down," Montaut said.

I suppose I replied to this remark with another equally derisive, but I remember saying a moment later: "I'm rather curious to see if he would take such a representation seriously."

"I bet you a louis he will!" Montaut declared; and there was something in his tone that led me to accept the bet.

In Rome, of a Sunday afternoon, every one went over to St. Peter's; I don't know whether the agreeably frivolous habit still prevails: it had little to do, I fear, with the spirit of worship. We went to hear the music—the famous vesper-service of the Papal choir, and also to learn the news, to stroll about and talk and look at each other. If we treated the great church as a public promenade, or rather as a splendid international *salon*, the fault was not wholly our own, and indeed practically there was little profanity in such an attitude. One's attitude was insignificant, and the bright immensity of the place protected conversation and even gossip. It struck one not as a particular temple, but as formed by the very walls of the faith that has no small pruderies to enforce. One early autumn day, in especial, we crossed the Tiber and lifted the ponderous leather curtain of the door to get a general view of the return of our friends to Rome. Half an hour's wandering lighted up the question of who had arrived, as every one, in his degree, went there for a solution of it. At the end of ten minutes I came

upon Henry Wilmerding; he was standing still, with his head thrown back and his eyes raised to the far-arching dome as if he had felt its spell for the first time. The body of the church was almost clear of people; the visitors were collected in the chapel where service was held and just outside of it; the splendid chant and the strange high voices of some of the choristers came to us from a great distance. Before Wilmerding saw me I had time to say to him: "I thought you intended to remain at Frascati till the end of the week."

"I did, but I changed my mind."

"You came away suddenly, then?"

"Yes, it was rather sudden."

"Are you going back?" I presently asked.

"There is nothing particular to go back for."

I hesitated a moment. "Was there anything particular to come away for?"

"My dear fellow, not that I know of," he replied, with a slight flush in his cheek—an intimation (not that I needed it) that I had a little the air of challenging his right to go and come as he chose.

"Not in relation to those ladies?"

"Those ladies?"

"Don't be so unnaturally blank. Your dearest friends."

"Do you mean the Goldies?"

"Don't overdo it. Whom on earth should I mean?"

It is difficult to explain, but there was something youthfully bland in poor Wilmerding which operated as a provocation: it made him seem imperturbable, which he really was not. My little discussion with Montaut about the degree to which he might be made to take a joke seriously had not, till this moment, borne any fruit in my imagination, but the idea became prolific, or at least it became amusing, as I stood face to face with him on those solemn fields of marble. There was a temptation to see how much he would swallow. He *was* candid, and his candour was like a rather foolish blank page, the gaping, gilt-edged page of an album, presenting itself for the receipt of a quotation or a thought. Why shouldn't one write something on it, to see how it would look? In this case the inscription could only be a covert pleasantry—an impromptu containing a surprise. If Wilmerding was innocent, that,

no doubt, ought to have made one kind, and I had not the faintest intention of being cruel. His blandness might have operated to conciliate, and it was only the turn of a hair that it had the other effect. That hair, let me suppose, was simply the intrinsic brutality—or call it the high animal-spirits—of youth. If after the little experiment suggested by Montaut had fixed itself in my fancy I let him off, it would be because I pitied him. But it was absurd to pity Wilmerding—we envied him, as I have hinted, too much. If he was the white album-page seductive to pointed doggerel, he was unmistakably gilt-edged.

"Oh, the Goldies," he said in a moment—"I wouldn't have stayed any longer for *them*. I came back because I wanted to—I don't see that it requires so much explanation."

"No more do I!" I laughed. "Come and listen to the singing." I passed my hand into his arm and we strolled toward the choir and the concourse of people assembled before the high doorway. We lingered there a little: till this hour I never can recall without an ache for the old days the way the afternoon light, taking the heavenly music and diffusing it, slants through the golden recesses of the white windows, set obliquely in the walls. Presently we saw Guy de Montaut in the crowd, and he came toward us, after having greeted us with a gesture. He looked hard at me, with a smile, as if the sight of us together reminded him of his wager and he wanted to know whether he had lost or won. I let him know with a glance that he was to be quiet or he would spoil everything, and he was as quiet as he knew how to be. This is not saying much, for he always had an itch to play with fire. It was really the desire to keep his hands off Wilmerding that led me to deal with our friend in my own manner. I remember that as we stood there together Montaut made several humorous attempts to treat him as a great conqueror, of which I think Wilmerding honestly failed to perceive the drift. It was Montaut's saying "You ought to bring them back—we miss them too much," that made me prepare to draw our amiable victim away.

"They are not my property," Wilmerding replied, accepting the allusion this time as to the four English ladies.

"Ah, *all* of them, *mon cher*—I never supposed!" the French-

man cried, with great merriment, as I broke up our colloquy. I laughed, too—the image he presented seemed comical then—and judged that we had better leave the church. I proposed we should take a turn on the Pincian, crossing the Tiber by the primitive ferry which in those days still plied at the marble steps of the Ripetta, just under the back windows of the Borghese palace.

"Montaut was talking nonsense just then, but *have* they refused you?" I asked as we took our way along the rustic lane that used to wander behind the castle of St. Angelo, skirting the old grassy fortifications and coming down to the Tiber between market-gardens, vineyards, and dusty little trellised suburban drinking-shops, which had a withered bush over the gate.

"Have *who* refused me?"

"Ah, you keep it up too long!" I answered; and was silent a little.

"What's the matter with you, this afternoon?" he asked. "Why can't you leave the poor Goldies alone?"

"Why can't *you*, my dear fellow—that seems to me the natural inquiry. Excuse my having caught Montaut's tone just now. I don't suppose you proposed for all of them."

"Proposed?—I've proposed for none of them!"

"Do you mean that Mrs. Goldie hasn't seemed to expect it?"

"I don't know what she has seemed to expect."

"Can't you imagine what she would naturally look for? If you can't, it's only another proof of the different way you people see things. Of course you have a right to your own way."

"I don't think I know what you are talking about," said poor Wilmerding.

"My dear fellow, I don't want to be offensive, dotting my i's so. You can so easily tell me it's none of my business."

"It isn't your being plain that would be offensive—it's your kicking up such a dust."

"You're very right," I said; "I've taken a liberty and I beg your pardon. We'll talk about something else."

We talked about nothing, however; we went our way in silence and reached the bank of the river. We waited for the ferryman without further speech, but I was conscious that a bewilderment was

working in my companion. As I relate my behaviour to you it strikes me, at this distance of time, as that of a very demon. All I can say is that it seemed to me innocent then: youth and gaiety and reciprocity, and something in the sophisticating Roman air which converted all life into a pleasant comedy, apologised for me as I went. Besides, I had no vision of consequences: my part was to prove, as against the too mocking Montaut, that there would be no consequences. I remember the way Wilmerding, as we crossed, sat on the edge of the big flat boat, looking down at the yellow swirl of the Tiber. He didn't meet my eye, and he was serious; which struck me as a promise of further entertainment. From the Ripetta we strolled to the Piazza del Popolo, and then began to mount one of the winding ways that diversify the slope of the Pincian. Before we got to the top Wilmerding said to me, "What do you mean by the different way 'we people' see things? Whom do you mean by us people?"

"You innocent children of the west, most unsophisticated of Yankees. Your ideas, your standards, your measures, your manners are different."

"The ideas and the manners of gentlemen are the same all the world over."

"Yes—I fear I can't gainsay you there," I replied.

"I don't ask for the least allowance on the score of being a child of the west. I don't propose to be a barbarian anywhere."

"You're the best fellow in the world," I continued; "but it is nevertheless true—I have been impressed with it on various occasions — that your countrypeople have, in perfect good faith, a different attitude toward women. They think certain things possible that we Europeans, cynical and corrupt, look at with a suspicious eye."

"What things do you mean?"

"Oh, don't you know them? You have more freedom than we."

"Ah, never!" my companion cried, in a tone of conviction that still rings in my ears.

"What I mean is that you have less," I said, laughing. "Evidently women, *chez vous*, are not so easily compromised. You must live, over there, in a state of Arcadian, or rather of much

more than Arcadian innocence. You can do all sorts of things without committing yourselves. With a quarter of them, in this uncomfortable hemisphere, one is up to one's neck in engagements."

"In engagements?"

"One has given pledges that have in honour to be redeemed—unless a fellow chooses to wriggle out of them. There is the question of intentions, and the question of how far, in the eyes of the world, people have really gone. Here it's the fashion to assume, if there is the least colour for it, that they have gone pretty far. I daresay often they haven't. But they get the credit of it. That's what makes them often ask themselves—or each other—why they mayn't as well die for sheep as for lambs."

"I know perfectly well what you mean: that's precisely what makes me so careful," said Wilmerding.

I burst into mirth at this—I liked him even better when he was subtle than when he was simple. "You're a dear fellow and a gentleman to the core, and it's all right, and you have only to trust your instincts. There goes the Boccarossa," I said, as we entered the gardens which crown the hill and which used to be as pleasantly neglected of old as they are regulated and cockneyfied to-day. The lovely afternoon was waning and the good-humoured, *blasé* crowd (it has seen so much, in its time) formed a public to admire the heavy Roman coaches, laden with yellow *principessas*, which rumbled round the contracted circle. The old statues in the shrubbery, the colour of the sunset, the view of St. Peter's, the pines against the sky on Monte Mario, and all the roofs and towers of Rome between—these things are doubtless a still fresher remembrance with you than with me. I leaned with Wilmerding against the balustrade of one of the terraces and we gave the usual tribute of a gaze to the dome of Michael Angelo. Then my companion broke out, with perfect irrelevance:

"Don't you think I've been careful enough?"

It is needless—it would be odious—to tell you in detail what advantage I took of this. I hated (I told him) the slang of the subject, but I was bound to say he would be generally judged—in any English, in any French circle—to have shown what was called marked interest.

"Marked interest in what? Marked interest in whom? You can't appear to have been attentive to four women at once."

"Certainly not. But isn't there one whom you may be held particularly to have distinguished?"

"One?" Wilmerding stared. "You don't mean the old lady?"

"*Commediante!*" I said. "Does your conscience say absolutely nothing to you?"

"My conscience? What has that got to do with it?"

"Call it then your sense of the way that—to effete prejudice—the affair may have looked."

"The affair—what affair?"

"Honestly, can't you guess? Surely there is one of the young ladies to whom the proprieties point with a tolerably straight finger."

He hesitated; then he cried: "Heaven help me—you don't mean Veronica?"

The pleading wail with which he uttered this question was almost tragic, and for a moment his fate trembled in the balance. I was on the point of letting him off, as I may say, if he disliked the girl so much as that. It was a revelation—I didn't know how much he did dislike her. But at this moment a carriage stopped near the place where we had rested, and, turning round, I saw it contained two ladies whom I knew. They greeted me and prepared to get out, so that I had to go and help them. But before I did this I said to my companion: "Don't worry, after all. It will all blow over."

"Upon my word, it will have to!" I heard him ejaculate as I left him. He turned back to the view of St. Peter's. My ladies alighted and wished to walk a little, and I spent five minutes with them; after which, when I looked for Wilmerding, he had disappeared. The last words he had spoken had had such a sharp note of impatience that I was reassured. I had ruffled him, but I had won my bet of Montaut.

Late that night (I had just come in—I was never at home in the evening) there was a tinkle of my bell, and my servant informed me that the signorino of the "American embassy" wished to speak to me. Wilmerding was ushered in, very pale, so pale

that I thought he had come to demand satisfaction of me for having tried to make a fool of him. But he hadn't, it soon appeared; he hadn't in the least: he wanted explanations, but they were quite of another kind. He only wished to arrive at the truth—to ask me two or three earnest questions. I ought of course to have told him on the spot that I had only been making use of him for a slight psychological experiment. But I didn't, and this omission was my great fault. I can only declare, in extenuation of it, that I had scruples about betraying Montaut. Besides, I did cling a little to my experiment. There was something that fascinated me in the idea of the supreme sacrifice he was ready to make if it should become patent to him that he had put upon an innocent girl, or upon a confiding mother, a slight, a disappointment even purely conventional. I urged him to let me lay the ghost I had too inconsiderately raised, but at the same time I was curious to see what he would do if the idea of reparation should take possession of him. He would be consistent, and it would be strange to see that. I remember saying to him before he went away: "Have you really a very great objection to Veronica Goldie?" I thought he was going to reply "I loathe her!" But he answered:

"A great objection? I pity her, if I've deceived her."

"Women must have an easy time in your country," I said; and I had an idea the remark would contribute to soothe him.

Nevertheless, the next day, early in the afternoon, being still uneasy, I went to his lodgings. I had had, by a rare chance, a busy morning, and this was the first moment I could spare. Wilmerding had delightful quarters in an an old palace with a garden—an old palace with old busts ranged round an old loggia and an old porter in an old cocked hat and a coat that reached to his heels leaning against the *portone*. From this functionary I learned that the signorino had quitted Rome in a two-horse carriage an hour before: he had gone back to Frascati—he had taken a servant and a portmanteau. This news did not confirm my tranquillity in exactly the degree I could have wished, and I stood there looking, and I suppose feeling, rather blank while I considered it. A moment later I was surprised in this attitude by Guy de Montaut who turned into the court with the step of a man bent on the

same errand as myself. We looked at each other—he with a laugh, I with a frown—and then I said: "I don't like it—he has gone."

"Gone?—to America?"

"On the contrary—back to the hills."

Montaut's laugh rang out, and he exclaimed: "Of course you don't like it! Please to hand me over the sum of money that I have had the honour of winning from you."

"Not so fast. What proves to you that you've won it?"

"Why, his going like this—after the talk I had with him this morning."

"What talk had you with him this morning?"

Montaut looked at the old porter, who of course couldn't understand us, but, as if he scented the drift of things, was turning his perceptive Italian eye from one of us to the other. "Come and walk with me, and I'll tell you. The drollest thing!" he went on, as we passed back to the street. "The poor child has been to see me."

"To propose to you a meeting?"

"Not a bit—to ask my advice."

"Your advice?"

"As to how to act in the premises. *Il est impayable.*"

"And what did you say to him?"

"I said Veronica was one of the most charming creatures I had ever seen."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"*Tudieu, mon cher*, so ought you, if you come to that," Montaut replied, taking his hand out of my arm.

"It's just what I am. We're a pair of scoundrels."

"Speak for yourself. I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

"You wouldn't have missed what?"

"His visit to me to-day—such an exhibition!"

"What did he exhibit?"

"The desire to be correct—but in a degree! You're a race apart, *vous autres.*"

"Don't lump him and me together," I said: "the immeasurable ocean divides us. Besides, it's you who were stickling for correctness. It was your insistence to me on what he ought to do—on what the family would have a right to expect him to do—that was

the origin of the inquiry in which (yesterday, when I met him at St. Peter's,) I so rashly embarked."

"My dear fellow, the beauty of it is that the family have brought no pressure: that's an element I was taking for granted. He has no claim to recognise, because none has been made. He tells me that the Honourable Blanche, after her daughter's escapade with him, didn't open her mouth. *Ces Anglaises!*"

"Perhaps that's the way she made her claim," I suggested. "But why the deuce, then, couldn't *he* be quiet?"

"It's exactly what he thinks—that she may have been quiet out of delicacy. He's inimitable!"

"Fancy, in such a matter, his wanting advice!" I groaned, much troubled. We had stopped outside, under the palace windows: the sly porter, from the doorway, was still looking at us.

"Call it information," said Montaut.

"But I gave him lots, last night. He came to me."

"He wanted more—he wanted to be sure! He wanted an honest impression; he begged me, as a favour to him, to be very frank. Had he definitely, yes or no, according to my idea, excited expectations? I told him, definitely, yes—according to my idea!"

"I shall go after him," I declared; "I shall overtake him—I shall bring him back."

"You'll not play fair, then."

"Play be hanged! The fellow mustn't sacrifice his life."

"Where's the sacrifice?—she's quite as good as he. I don't detest poor Veronica—she has possibilities, and also very pretty hair. What pretensions can *he* have? He's touching, but he's only a cotton-spinner and a blockhead. Besides, it offends an *aimable Français* to see three unmated virgins withering in a row. You people don't mind that sort of thing, but it violates our sense of form—of proper arrangement. Girls marry, *que diable!*"

"I notice they don't marry you," I cried.

"I don't go and hide in the bushes with 'em. Let him arrived it—I like to see people act out their character. Don't spoil will be perfect. Such a story to tell!"

"To me and dine," he said.

"*To*, occasion. We shall private—so peculiar—when you want them even irself? Never in the world."

"Not I—I shall boast of it. I shall have done a good action, I shall have *assuré un sort* to a portionless girl." Montaut took hold of me again, for I threatened to run after Wilmerding, and he made me walk about with him for half an hour. He took some trouble to persuade me that further interference would be an unwarranted injury to Veronica Goldie. She had apparently got a husband—I had no right to dash him from her lips.

"Getting her a husband was none of my business."

"You did it by accident, and so you can leave it."

"I had no business to try him."

"You believed he would resist."

"I don't find it so amusing as you," I said, gloomily.

"What's amusing is that he has had no equivalent," Montaut broke out.

"No equivalent?"

"He's paying for what he didn't have, I gather, eh? *L'imbécile!* It's a reparation without an injury."

"It's an injury without a provocation!" I answered, breaking away from him.

I went straight to the stables at which I kept my horse—we all kept horses in Rome, in those days, for the Campagna was an incomparable riding-ground—and ordered the animal to be brought immediately to the Porta San Giovanni. There was some delay, for I reached this point, even after the time it took me to change my dress, a good while before he came. When he did arrive I sprang into the saddle and dashed out of the gate. I soon got upon the grass and put the good beast to his speed, and I shall never forget that rich afternoon's ride. It seemed to me almost historic, at the time, and I thought of all the celebrated gallops, or those of poetry, that had been taken to bring good news or bad, to announce dangers, to save cities, to stay executions. I felt as if staying an execution were now the object of mine. I took the direction of the Appian apart, where so many panting steeds, in the succession of ages had

"Dead over the stones; the ghostly aqueducts watched me as I ocean divides us. Besides, it's yours gave me a sense of heroism. ness. It was your insistence to me on what ought to were what the family would have a right to expect him to do—the first

pressed my course. I rode straight into the court, and called up to him—there was a window open; and he looked out and asked in unconcealed surprise what had brought me from Rome. "Let me in and I'll tell you," I said; and his servant came down and admitted me, summoning another member of the establishment to look after my horse.

It was very well to say to Wilmerding that I would tell him what had brought me: that was not so easy after I had been introduced into his room. Then I saw that something very important had happened: his whole aspect instantly told me so. He was half undressed—he was preparing for dinner—he was to dine at Mrs. Goldie's. This he explained to me without any question of mine, and it led me to say to him, with, I suspect, a tremor in my voice: "Then you have not yet seen her?"

"On the contrary: I drove to their villa as soon as I got here. I've been there these two hours. I promised them to go back to dine—I only came round here to tidy myself a little." I looked at him hard, and he added: "I'm engaged to be married."

"To which of them?" I asked; and the question seemed to me absurd as soon as I had spoken it.

"Why, to Veronica."

"Any of them would do," I rejoined, though this was not much better. And I turned round and looked out of the window into the dark. The tears rose to my eyes. I had ridden heroically, but I had not saved the city.

"What did you desire to say to me?" Wilmerding went on.

"Only that I wish you all the happiness you deserve," I answered, facing him again.

"Did you gallop out here for *that?*" he inquired.

"I might have done it for less!" I laughed, awkwardly; but he was very mild—he didn't fly at me. They had evidently been very nice to him at the other house—well they might be! Veronica had shaken her hair in his eyes, and for the moment he had accepted his fate.

"You had better come back with me and dine," he said.

"On an occasion so private—so peculiar—when you want them all to yourself? Never in the world."

"What then will you do here—alone?"

"I'll wash and dress first, if you'll lend me some things."

"My man will give you everything you need."

His kindness, his courtesy, his extraordinary subjection to his unnecessary doom filled me with a kind of anguish, and I determined that I would save him even yet. I had a sudden inspiration—it was at least an image of help. "To tell the truth, I didn't ride from Rome at such a rate only to be the first to congratulate you. I have taken you on the way; but a considerable part of my business is to go and see Mrs. Rushbrook."

"Mrs. Rushbrook? Do you call this on your way? She lives at Albano."

"Precisely; and when I've brushed myself a bit and had a little bread and wine I shall drive over there."

"It will take you a full hour, in the dark."

"I don't care for that—I want to see her. It came over me this afternoon."

Wilmerding looked at me a moment—without any visible irony—and demanded, with positive solemnity: "Do you wish to propose to her?"

"Oh, if she'd marry me it would suit me! But she won't. At least she won't yet. She makes me wait too long. All the same, I want to see her."

"She's very charming," said Wilmerding, simply. He finished dressing and went off to dine with Veronica, while I passed into another room to repair my own disorder. His servant gave me some things that would serve me for the night; for it was my purpose, at Albano, to sleep at the inn. I was so horrified at what I had done, or at what I had not succeeded in undoing, that I hungered for consolation, or at least for advice. Mrs. Rushbrook shone before me in the gloom as a generous dispenser of that sort of comfort.

HENRY JAMES.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR OLD PEOPLE.

THOUGH the ideal of human life, as represented to us in the literature of ancient nations, may often have been very far from being realised, yet in one sense even the conception of an ideal is a reality that ought to count in our estimate of a nation's character. It may be said of some of the noblest characters that they must be judged not so much by what they achieved as by what they strove to achieve, and what holds good of individuals holds good of nations also. *In magnis et voluisse sat est.* When we read the account which the laws of the Mânavas, or, as they are commonly called, the Laws of Manu, give us of social life in ancient India, or when we check these statements by the earlier accounts which we find in the Sûtras and the Brâhmanas, we are inclined at first to look upon the picture of early Indian society as a mere Utopia. Nor can it be denied that the laws of the Mânavas tell us rather what, according to the ideas of an orthodox Brahman, the world ought to be, than what it ever could have been. We must hope on one side that the privileges of the priestly caste could never have been so excessive, nay, so outrageous, as they are represented in that code. Nor can we believe, on the other side, that the large majority of the inhabitants of India ever took so unselfish and so elevated a view of life as is preached by their legislators.

Still, even a Utopia is never entirely air-drawn, and in its general outlines the social life of India, as described by its law-givers, must have had some real foundation. In judging of what was possible and impossible, we must not forget that many things were possible in the climate of that country which would be simply absurd in more northern latitudes. In a country where even now

an agricultural labourer can live on five shillings a month; where he can build his hut from the mud of the field, or live in the open air during a great part of the year; where his clothing costs hardly anything; where a handful of rice is enough to assuage hunger, while butter and sugar are counted as delicacies—in such a country a kind of village-life is possible which involves no more trying efforts than are necessary for a healthful exercise of the body.

If, therefore, we want to understand Manu's ideal of social life, we must not think of London—not even of Calcutta, or Bombay, or Simla—but of the villages which still hold nine-tenths of the population of India. And we must try to realise a time when there existed no railways, few high-roads, few bridges, and when the horizon of their village was to millions of human beings the horizon of their world. Dynasties might come and go, religions might spring up and wither, but the life in these happy villages would go on for generations unconscious of the storms that raged in the camps of powerful conquerors or in the temples of ambitious priests.

Life in those village-communities consisted, according to Manu, of four *Âsramas*, or stations. Every boy, not only of the first, but of the second and third castes also, was to begin his school-life between his seventh and, at the latest, his eleventh year. The pupil had to live in the house of his teacher, and perform services which seem to us menial, but which in India were looked upon as honourable. He had to keep the fires on the hearths or the altars burning, clean the floor, attend to the cattle, collect firewood, and walk daily through the village to collect gifts for his teacher. Morning and evening he had to say his prayers, and then to receive from his teacher all necessary instruction. This instruction consisted chiefly in learning by heart. Writing is never mentioned. The whole method of teaching is carefully described, how every day the pupil had to learn a few lines, and to repeat them with the greatest care, distinguishing long and short vowels, acute and grave syllables, surd and sonant consonants and all the rest. By going on day after day, the memory of the pupil was strengthened to such a degree that the whole of their sacred literature, instead of being handed down in writing, was handed down by oral tradition with the

u[illegible] accuracy from generation to generation, and, to a certain ex[illegible]t, is so handed down to the present day.

[illegible]e time assigned to education and study varied from twelve to forty-eight years. Twenty, therefore, was the earliest time when a young man might take his degree, become a *Snâtaka*, or M.A., and think of entering on the second station in life—that of a married man and householder. This is a lesson to be taken to heart by those who imagine that early marriages, or child-sacrifices, are in accordance with the spirit of the ancient laws of India.

When returned to his home *(samâvritta)*, the young man had to find a wife, and become a *Grihastha*, or householder. During that second period of life he had to perform all the duties of a husband and a father, offer a number of obligatory and optional sacrifices, continue his study of the Veda, and, if a Brahman, be ready to teach. When, however, his children were grown up and had themselves children, when his hair had turned grey and his skin had become wrinkled, the householder ought to know that the time had come for leaving his house and all its cares, and retiring from the village into the forest. This seems to us a great wrench, and a sacrifice difficult to bear. It could, however, hardly have been so in India. Life in the forest there was a kind of *villeggiatura*. Property being almost entirely family-property, the father simply gave up to his sons what he himself no longer required. When he withdrew from the village, he became released from many duties. He was allowed to take his wife with him, and his friends and relations were allowed to see him in his sylvan retreat. He was then called a *Vânaprastha*, a dweller in the forest, and, released from the duties of a householder, from sacrificial and other ceremonial obligations, he was encouraged to meditate on the great problems of life, to rise above the outward forms of religion, and to free himself more and more from all the fetters which once bound him to this life. Even religion, in the usual sense of the word, was no longer binding on him. He was above religion, above sacred books, above sacrifices, above a belief in many gods. With the help of the mystical doctrines contained in the *Upanishads*, he was led to discover the Infinite hidden in the Finite, the True behind the semblances of the senses, the Self behind the Ego, and the indestructible identity

of his own true Self with the Supreme Self. During all that time he might be visited, he might be consulted, he certainly continued to be loved and revered by his friends. But when at last life and all its interests ceased to have any attraction, when he lived already more in the next world than in this, then the time came, for members of the first caste at least, to bid farewell to all, to leave the forest-abode near the village, and to enter on the final *Âsrama*, that of *Samnyâsi*. *Samnyâsi* means a man who has divested himself of everything, who is free from all fetters, not only from the too great love of things, but also from the too great love of friends and relations. That last stage could not have lasted long. It was simply a preparation for death, which could not tarry much before it released the wanderer *(parivrâjaka)* from his last enemy, and restored him to that bliss of which this life had so long deprived him.

This is, no doubt, an ideal scheme of life, and it is difficult for us to believe that it should ever have been realised in all its fulness. The first and second stages in the life of man are natural enough, and exist more or less in every well-organised society. It is the third stage, the withdrawal from active life, the retirement into the forest, and, more particularly, the surrender of all claim on the family property, that seems to us hardly credible. We receive, however, from an unexpected quarter, a confirmation that this retirement into the forest was at one time a reality in India. The companions of Alexander were so much impressed with the number of people who led this forest-life away from towns and villages that they invented a new word, and translated the Sanskrit *vânaprastha* by ὑλόβιοι, dwellers in the forest.

How pleasant such a life must have been in the Indian climate we may gather from the fact that we never hear of any force being used to drive old people away from their home into the forest. It is very important also to observe that while the periods of studentship and of household-life are fixed within narrow limits by legal authority, the time for embracing the life of a hermit is far less accurately defined, so as to leave a considerable latitude to individual choice.

What strikes us as the most cruel feature in the Indian scheme

of life is the fourth period, when old people, incapable of taking care of themselves, seem to have been entirely deprived of the loving attentions of their children, so that they must necessarily have fallen a prey to hunger or to wild animals. It is curious that this fourth stage is a privilege which the Brahmans claimed exclusively for themselves.

The Indians, however, are by no means the only people who seem to us to have been guilty of cruelty towards old people and towards children. In a primitive state of society there existed difficulties of which we have no idea. When the struggle of life became extreme, and when it was utterly impossible for a community to support more than a given number of lives, it was necessarily left to the parents to determine what children should be allowed to live or be destroyed. Among Greeks and Romans vestiges of this ancient custom may be discovered,* and among the Germans, also, the right of the father to decide on the life of a child, by raising it from the place where the mother had given birth to it, was long maintained.† The Brahmans seem to have conceded to the father the right to expose his children, or, at all events, his female progeny.‡

But if in an early state of society children became sometimes a burden impossible to bear, a still greater difficulty arose with regard to old people when they were no longer able to support or to defend themselves. In a nomadic state of life this difficulty is so great that it could not be solved except by killing the old people. For what is to be done when the soil is exhausted and a tribe has to move forward to occupy new pastures? The old people cannot support the fatigue of the march, and to leave them behind would be to expose them to starvation or a violent death. It was considered merciful under those circumstances, nay, it was believed to be a sacred duty of the nearest relations, to kill the aged members of a family. Storks, before they migrate south, are said to kill the old and lame birds who are unable to follow. In the

* Schömann, *Griechische Alterthümer*, 3rd Ed., I., p. 531; Marquardt, *Privatleben der Römer*, I., p. 3, note 1, p. 81.

† Grimm, *Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer*, p. 455.

‡ *Maitrâyanî-samhitâ*, IV., 6, 4; *Nirukta*, III., 4.

same way, if we may trust Sir John Lubbock, there are even now among certain savage tribes whole villages where no old people can be discovered, for the simple reason that they all have been put to death. Mr. Hunt, as quoted by Sir John Lubbock, tells us that one day a young man in whom he took much interest came to him and invited him to attend his mother's funeral. Mr. Hunt accepted the invitation, but as he walked along in the procession he was surprised to see no corpse. When he asked the young man where his mother was, he pointed to a woman who was walking along just in front, to use Mr. Hunt's words, "as gay and lively as any of those present." When they arrived at the grave, she took an affectionate farewell of her children and friends, and then submitted to be strangled.

It is not innate cruelty that can account for this barbarous treatment of the aged: it was a *dira necessitas*. Among our own ancestors, the ancient Germans, Grimm tells us that when the master of the house was over sixty years old, if the signs of the weakness of age were of such a character that he no longer had the power to walk or stand or to ride unassisted and unsupported, with collected mind, free will, and good sense, he was obliged to give over his authority to his son, and to perform menial service. Those who had grown useless and burdensome were either killed outright or exposed and abandoned to death by starvation.*

However strange and horrible these various ways of disposing of old people may seem to us, there is, nevertheless, a lesson to be learnt from our savage ancestors, viz., that there is a time when old people ought to retire. Our religion, our morality, our very humanity would make us shrink from any violent measures to enforce this lesson; but we must not, for all that, shut our eyes to the fact that some of the most serious evils of our modern society are due to the encroachments of old age on the legitimate functions of youth and manhood. If, in ancient times, the difficulty was what to do with old people, the difficulty in our modern society is what to do with young people. And why? Because every sphere of active life in which young men might, naturally and legitimately,

* Grimm, *Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer*, p. 487; Weinhold, *Altnordisches Leben*, p. 473.

hope to find an opening for making themselves useful to the world, and gaining a livelihood for themselves, is filled with men who, nearly or altogether, belong to the class of the *Depontani*. It will be argued, no doubt, that old age possesses more experience and wisdom than youth and early manhood can possibly possess. But surely there is a senile as well as a juvenile folly; and even admitting the superior experience of old people, that experience would become far more useful to the world if they were satisfied in their old age to become counsellors, and leave the toil and moil of the daily warfare of life to younger men. Besides, the affairs of life require not only prudence and caution, but likewise decisiveness and courage; and when it is considered that the consequences of good or bad counsels must fall, after all, on the heads of the next generation, it is but fair that the young should have some share in determining what is to be done. Besides, we cannot stultify nature. Youth and manhood are better than old age; and with all the advantages that old age may justly be proud of, there are weaknesses which, like white hairs, steal almost unperceived over old heads. No art is able to disguise, and no effort of will strong enough to resist them. Hygienic science may in our days keep people alive longer than in former centuries, and a proper discipline of body and mind may in some cases preserve a *mens sana in corpore sano* beyond the usual limits. But, as a rule, man is meant to learn in his youth, to act in his manhood, to counsel in his advancing years, and to meditate in his extreme old age. It is the disregard of this clear and simple lesson, conveyed by the four ages of man, which is responsible for the worst of our social evils. A young man is meant to marry; but how, in the present state of society, is it possible for a young man and a young woman to contract matrimony at the proper time, unless their parents have saved enough to enable them to do so? Almost every career is now closed against the young man who thinks that he ought to be able to earn a livelihood by his arms or his brains. And the principal reason is that old men now remain too long in age could no longer hgm[illegible] incomes for doing work which their

"Die nicht mit thaten,
Die nicht mit rathen."

and of law. We know that a man who has children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren may hold the family estate as his exclusive property, only making to his descendants such allowance as he thinks proper. What seems quite right and fair to us would seem very wrong and unfair in India, where the law enables the sons, when they have come of age, to insist on a division of the family property, which is considered to be theirs as much as their father's. How many a life in England has become useless by the ancestral property being managed or mismanaged by a man of eighty, while the son of forty, or even sixty, is carefully excluded from all participation in the improvement of his future estate. Young men are often blamed because they imagine they must have as large an income as their parents, before they will condescend to marry. There may be some truth in this, but there is also some truth in the answer of young men that parents, after their children's education is finished, might be satisfied with a quieter and less expensive style of life, and not grudge their children those enjoyments which nature has clearly intended for youth and manhood.

In most professions a man who has worked for twenty or twenty-five years ought to be enabled to retire on a pension; that is, be satisfied with a smaller income. Whatever exceptions may be cited to the contrary, our schools and universities, for instance, are clearly sufferers, because professors and tutors are not enabled, or forced, to retire at the approach of old age. Dr. Arnold expressed a very strong opinion as to the maximum of years that a master or head-master of a public school should be allowed to carry on his work. Other voices have been raised against the Universities allowing heads of houses, professors, and tutors to retain their offices to the very last day of their life. We know, of course, of exceptions, of men lecturing, and lecturing successfully, for thirty and forty years. But, as a rule, a professor as he grows old, however excellent work he may still do by himself, finds it impossible to maintain that warm sympathy with the rising generation which is essential to make his lectures really efficient. His own studies are apt to become more and more special and narrow, and he oft[illegible] to keep pace with the rapid pr[illegible]

Grimm, *Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer*, p. 487; Weinhold, *Altnordisches Leben*, p. 473.

professor continue to lecture, if he likes, but let younger men be appointed as his deputies or associates. It is a real injustice to younger men, whose lives are passing away, that they should have no opportunity of utilising their knowledge by teaching in our Universities, or that they should succeed to a Chair when they themselves are no longer in the vigour of life. Sometimes the study of a science has been paralysed for years because—all professorial chairs being occupied by men who would not, because they could not, resign—there was no prospect of employment for younger men, and when at last a vacancy occurred there were hardly any candidates fit to be successors. In Continental universities the system of *Professores extraordinarii* and *Privatdocents* supplies a certain remedy of the evil complained of, but here, too, the *Professores ordinarii* become sometimes a drag on the advance of science, because there is too little inducement to make them resign.

It would be easy to point out the same mischief in other professions, caused by men remaining in office beyond the limits of time so clearly indicated by nature. Old generals, gouty admirals, deaf judges, and bedridden Bishops are not unknown in this as in other countries. But nowhere does this incubus of old age prove more disastrous than in politics. It has often been said that knowing when to retire is the true test of a great statesman. But if there is any office which it seems almost impossible to surrender it is political office. Nearly all Ministers nowadays are over fifty or sixty, and they often cling to office till they are seventy or eighty. It is in their case, more than in any other, that the necessity of experience and wisdom is pleaded as an excuse for their unnatural pretensions. But experience and wisdom are not the exclusive property of old age, while too much experience may even unfit a man for that quick insight which is constantly required for political action. That old men should be consulted is perfectly natural, but that they should have the decision of the fate of the next generation entirely in their hands admits of no justification. The Germans had an old proverb which went much further, and denied to those who could no longer fight the right of giving advice.

"Die nicht mit thaten,
Die nicht mit rathen."

Nor can it be denied that even in council the presence of old men is dangerous. The authority claimed by old age, and the respect naturally paid to it by the younger generation, must interfere with the easy and natural transaction of business. If it is difficult for an old man to bear opposition and to brook rebuke from a younger man, it is equally difficult for a young politician to bow to authority or to believe in the infallibility of old age. What is the result? The old statesman gradually finds himself deserted by his honest and independent friends, while opportunists and flatterers surround the old chief and help to extinguish in him the last remnants of humility and of mistrust in his own judgment. Members of the Cabinet, it has often been said, ought to be on terms of perfect equality, and in discussions concerning the welfare of the country argument ought always to be stronger than any amount of authority. Men of about the same age can afford to give and take, but a man of thirty cannot well give to a man of eighty, and a man of eighty cannot well take from a man of thirty. And yet, if we look at the history of the world, political wisdom has certainly not been the exclusive property of old age. A mere stripling, such as Pitt, was a better man at the wheel than even the great Duke of Wellington when, in his old age, he acted as steersman to the vessel of State. In our days it seems difficult to imagine that a man of twenty or thirty could possibly be an Under-Secretary of State, to say nothing of his being Prime Minister. And yet, take it all in all, for practical work, a man of thirty is a better man than a man of eighty, and the sooner men of eighty learn that lesson the better for themselves and for the country they profess to serve. There are exceptions, there are brilliant exceptions, at the present moment, both in England and in Germany. But exceptions in such cases are apt hereafter to become precedents, and to prove extremely dangerous in less exceptional cases. Outside the fight of parties the voice of the old statesman will always be listened to, and carry conviction to many a wavering mind. But if he remains in the turmoil of political warfare he will meet with harsh usage, his best motives will be suspected, and the good fame of his youth and manhood will often be tarnished by the mistakes, however well intentioned, of his old age.

To return once more to India, from whence we started. No doubt the ideal scheme of life, traced out by Manu, is no longer possible, after the contact between the ancient civilisation of the East and the modern civilisation of the West. But the spirit of the past still exercises its fascination over some superior minds, and the idea that there is a time when the old should make room for the young, and when meditation should take the place of active life, is not yet quite forgotten among the sons of India. A biography has lately been published of the Prime Minister of Kathiawad, Gaorishankar Udayashankar, C.S.I.* It relates a life full of hard and most important work, a life of struggle, of temptation, and of wonderful success; the life not only of a conscientious administrator, but of a determined diplomatist, holding his own against the best men in the Indian service, and in the end recognised by all, from Mountstuart Elphinstone to Lord Reay, as an honest and unselfish man, worthy to be named by the side of such native statesmen as Sir Salar Jung, Sir T. Madao Rao, and Sir Dinkar Rao. Only three years ago, in December, 1886, when Lord Reay had paid a visit to the venerable statesman, he said of him: "Certainly, of all the happy moments it has been my good fortune to spend in India, those which I spent in the presence of that remarkable man remain engrafted on my memory. I was struck as much by the clearness of his intellect as by the simplicity and fairness and openness of his mind; and if we admire wise administrators, we also admire straightforward advisers, those who tell their chiefs the real truth about the condition of their country and their subjects. In seeing the man who freed the State from all encumbrances, who restored civil and criminal jurisdiction to the villages, who settled grave disputes with Junaghad, who got rid of refractory Jemadars, I could not help thinking what could be done by singleness of purpose and strength of character." It would be useless to attempt to give even a short outline of the excellent services rendered to his country, and indirectly to England, by Gaorishankar during the fifty-seven years of his active life. The affairs of Servia, Bulgaria, and

* *Gaorishankar Udayashankar, C.S.I., Ex-Minister of Bhavnagar, now on retirement as a Sanyâsi.* By Javerilal Umiashankar Yajnik. Bombay, 1889.

Montenegro, the intrigues of King Milan, Queen Natalie, and Prince Karageorgowitch, would seem to be of greater interest to the public at large than the healthy growth and powerful development of the native States of India under English protection. And yet Gaorishankar's life is full of dramatic interest. He had to do battle with many King Milans, with many Queen Natalies, even with some rebellious mountain-chiefs, such as Karageorgowitch, and he has come out victorious from all his fights. He not only established the independence of the state of Bhavnagar, but he introduced a reformed system of administration, founded excellent schools, built model prisons, encouraged useful railways, and made Bhavnagar a model among the protected principalities of India. In 1878, when he was seventy-three years of age, and when the idea of retiring from the world had already ripened in his mind, he was once more complimented by Sir J. B. Peile in the following terms:—"Gaorishankar has risen through every stage of a laborious life to this crown and consummation of an honourable public career, a career, which he began in a humble position in the old school of custom and ends as a cautious leader in the new school of reform."

This is the man who, on January 13th, 1879, resigned his office as Minister, and, full of years and honours, declared his intention of following the example of the ancient Brahmans, and retiring into the forest. He prepared himself for that step by a deeper study of the *Upanishads* and the Vedânta philosophy than had been possible to him during the years of his busy life. He then retired to a garden-house outside the old town, where he was still accessible to his friends, and where his chief and his former colleagues often came to consult him. He had become a counsellor, but he no longer interfered in public or private affairs. At ast, in 1887, his yearning after a purely spiritual life, and his desire to throw off all the fetters and affections that might still bind him to this life, became so strong that he determined to enter on the fourth stage of life and to become a Samnyâsi. The time had come, he declared, that he should prepare himself for holy dying by a complete renunciation of the active concerns of this world and by an exclusive devotion to the thoughts of a life to come.

He wrote letters to all his friends, bidding them farewell for this life. I myself was one of those to whom he said good-bye, declaring that he had left the world, that he had changed his name, and that all correspondence between him and the outer world must henceforth cease. These were the last lines of a letter which he addressed to me in July, 1886 :—

"My health is failing and I have made up my mind to enter into the fourth order or *Asrama*. Thereby I shall attain that stage in life when I shall be free from all the cares and anxieties of this world and shall have nothing to do with my present circumstances.

"After leading a public life for more than sixty years, I think there is nothing left for me to desire, except this life, which will enable my *Atma* [self] to be one with *Paramâtma* [Supreme Self], as shown by the enlightened sages of old. When this is accomplished a man is free from births and re-births, and what can I wish more than what will free me from them, and give me means to attain *Moksha* [spiritual freedom]?

"My learned Friend, I shall be a *Samnyâsi* in a few days, and thus there will be a total change of life. I shall no more be able to address you, and I send you this letter to convey my last best wishes for your success in life, and my regards which you so well deserve."

Every effort was made by his native friends and by the highest officials of the English Government to dissuade him from his purpose. Every argument that could appeal to his common-sense, his sense of duty, aye, even his vanity, was used, but used in vain. He was not so silly as to attempt to copy slavishly the example of the ancient *Samnyâsis*, and to court death in the wilderness. He remained in his retirement, only he adopted a much stricter discipline, and a more rigorous seclusion from the outer world. He was not so childish, or rather so senile, as to imagine that any one in this life was really indispensable. He knew that younger men would do his work as well, if not better than himself. And he felt that, having done his duty to the world, he might be free during the few remaining years to do his duty to himself. I believe the old man is still alive, now in his eighty-fourth year. When I last heard of him, through his son, he was in full possession of his intellectual powers, with a memory unimpaired. He has become, in his old age, a zealous student of Sanskrit, and, to judge from what he has published, his knowledge of the Vedânta

philosophy is profound. He is now simply waiting for death, and fitting himself to die, following the words of Manu (vi., 43) :—

"Let not the hermit long for death,
Nor cling to this terrestrial state ;
Their Lord's behests as servants wait,
So let him, called, resign his breath."

It may be said that the Minister of Bhavnagar remained in office long beyond the time when he had a perfect right to retire. He was seventy-four when he surrendered the Ministry. Still, he is one of very few statesmen who, even at that time, would have thought it necessary to make room for others, and to reserve a span of life for themselves, as a preparation for a better life. His intellect was unimpaired, his body vigorous, and his friends were clamorous for him to remain in power. But he did not allow himself to be persuaded. He was influenced, no doubt, in his choice, by the teaching of the old sages of India, but his own judgment also must have helped him to obey the voice of nature. To all who have ears to hear, that voice declares in unmistakable tones that there is a time for everything. There is a time to be young and there is a time to be old. Our modern society is out of gear because that lesson of nature is not obeyed. To die in harness has become the ideal of almost every old man. But what might be the right ideal for a cab-horse is not necessarily the right ideal for a human being. In several branches of the public service a remedy has been applied—not the drastic remedy of the Bactrians and Caspians, but the more gentle pressure of the Indian law-givers. Men are made to withdraw into the forest on a retiring pension, and it has not been found that the army and navy have suffered under young generals and vigorous admirals. The same system ought to be applied to all other professions, more particularly to our schools and universities. After twenty-five years of hard work a man ought to be enabled to rest from his labours, if he likes, and the young should be allowed to have their day.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

**** *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.*